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# Improvement Era

Vol. XX

SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 11



Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Associations and the Schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints  
Published Monthly by the General Board at Salt Lake City, Utah



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## Major B. H. Roberts

Member of the Governor's staff of Utah, and President of the State Board of Equalization, was appointed by Governor Simon Bamberger, July 17, Chaplain of the First Utah Light Field Artillery, with the rank of Captain. Major Roberts served in the recruiting campaign for the National Guard as a member of the Governor's staff, and was given the honorary title of Major.

Major Brigham H. Roberts was born in England, March 13, 1857, and is the fourth child and second son of Benjamin and Ann Everington Roberts. His father was a blacksmith, and his grandfather was an independent ironmonger, in comfortable circumstances. His mother's parents were tillers of the soil. She was a strong woman, intelligent, with a desire for the beautiful, the noble, and the refined. It is said of her: "She mastered by her own efforts the arts of reading and writing, and exhibited at various times in the course of her life those qualities of courage, independence and determination so conspicuously manifest in the character of her distinguished son."

Both of his parents joined the Church. The mother first, in the early 50's, against the will of the father, but in the course of time the father also became a member of the Church. However, he gradually drifted away, and a permanent separation took place between him and his wife some time before the latter came to Utah, which was in 1862.

Under the advice of the presidency at Liverpool, she took two of her youngest children with her to Utah, leaving the older daughter, Mary, and B. H. in England. Mary was sent to live with a distant relative, while B. H. was domiciled with a family of Latter-day Saints with whom he lived and wandered from place to place during the next four years, experiencing the sad sensations of poverty, squalor and utter homelessness. By means of the Perpetual Emigration Fund, both the sister, Mary, and B. H. Roberts were enabled to emigrate in the spring of 1866. They sailed on the *John Bright*, in April, and landed in New York in June. Proceeding with the rest of the company, some 700 Latter-day Saints, under Elders C. E. Gillett, to Wyoming, in Nebraska, they here outfitted for the plains. After many adventures they finally landed at Salt Lake City on the 15th of September, 1866. Here the mother met her children and took them to her humble log cabin in Bountiful, Davis county, and it was in this settlement that the son spent the remainder of his early boyhood. He went to school one winter and learned to read. With his step-father, he went to the Ophir and Jacob City mining districts, at the age of fourteen, and passed the greater part of three years working prospects on the crest of the hills above the present camp of Mercur. Returning home, he apprenticed himself for three years to James Baird, a Centerville blacksmith, choosing that vocation because it had been his father's trade in England. He was then seventeen, and at the age of twenty had served his apprenticeship.

During the time of his apprenticeship he attended school three months each year according to agreement. At the age of eighteen he was seized with a passion for reading, and forsook his frivolous companionship and plunged into history, biography, and literature. He then drifted into religious readings, joined a theological class taught by Nathan T. Porter, Centerville, comprising about twenty young people of both sexes. It was in this class that he received his first opportunity to speak before the public, and it was really the beginning of his ministry.

He married Sarah Louisa Smith, daughter of President William R. Smith of Davis stake, in September, 1877, the ceremony being performed by President John Taylor at Salt Lake City. In 1877-8 he completed a two-years' course prescribed for normal students in the University of Deseret, graduating at the head of his class, and delivering the commencement day valedictory. He was ordained a seventy by Elder Nathan T. Porter, and became connected with the Nineteenth quorum, in 1877, having been baptized in 1867 by Elder Seth Dustin of Bountiful.

In 1880, he went upon his first mission, to Sioux City, Iowa, being later transferred to the Southern States mission, under Elder John Morgan, until June, 1882. Then followed constant missionary work at home and abroad, and his labors, religious, civil and literary, and his powers as a writer and orator are well known and of more than ordinary interest to the people of the West. His miscellaneous writings in the *Salt Lake Herald*, *The Millennial Star*, *The Contributor*, *The Improvement Era*, and other publications are voluminous, touching sharply upon every phase of doctrine, and upon the current questions of the time. He has written many books, among them: *A History of the Mormon Church*, 6 volumes, 3,000 pages; *New Witnesses for God*, 3 volumes; *Life of John Taylor*; *Outlines of Ecclesiastical History*; *Defense of the Faith and the Saints*; *Joseph Smith, the Prophet-Teacher*, and others.

In Whitney's *History of Utah*, it is well said of Major Roberts: "A man of courage, full of energy and vitality, he has risen by the force of innate ability, coupled with hard and honest toil, from the humblest walks of life to positions of honor and eminence."



MAJOR B. H. ROBERTS  
*Chaplain of the National Guard of Utah*

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XX

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## The Conquest of the Desert

Behold! It Blossometh as the Rose

By Dr. James E. Talmage

On the maps depicting the western part of the United States from the later '40s down to within the last decade or so, there appears a stretch of land somewhat vaguely outlined, extending westward and southward from the valley of the Great Salt Lake, and designated The Great American Desert. Earlier than the period mentioned the entire region from the Missouri to the Rocky Mountains was so known. In a work entitled *The Plains of the Great West*, by Colonel Dodge, U. S. A., published in 1877, we read: "When I was a schoolboy, my map of the United States showed between the Missouri River and the Rocky Mountains a long and broad white blotch, upon which was printed in small capitals '*The Great American Desert—Unexplored.*'"

At the time of the first settlement of what is now the State of Utah by the "Mormon" pioneers, the Wasatch Mountains were regarded as the eastern boundary of the Great American Desert. John C. Fremont, in his official report of explorations, refers to the region as the "Desert"; and the name "Great Desert Basin" has found a place in American literature. Later maps show an area, greatly restricted when compared with earlier delineations, as the "Great Salt Lake Desert". It is interesting to note that this region of uncertain boundaries is the only area in North America to which the designation "Desert" is applied.

On July 24th, 1847, the subjugation of the Great American Desert was begun. As an unbroken waste, an isolated empire of death that claimed high toll of those who were so venturesome as to invade its saline solitudes, the desert no longer exists. Behold! it blossoms as the rose!

On the day named, Brigham Young the intrepid pioneer, successful colonizer, and inspired prophet, entered Salt Lake Valley in charge of a pioneer band, which was the vanguard of migrating hosts.

As he caught sight of the valley from the Wasatch heights, after more than three months of toilsome and adventurous travel, the leader exclaimed *It is the place.*

To his prophetic eye there rose a vision of what was to come. In rapt reverie he saw towns and hamlets take shadowy



*Section of mural painting by George Peter, on exhibition in Public Museum, Milwaukee, Wis.*



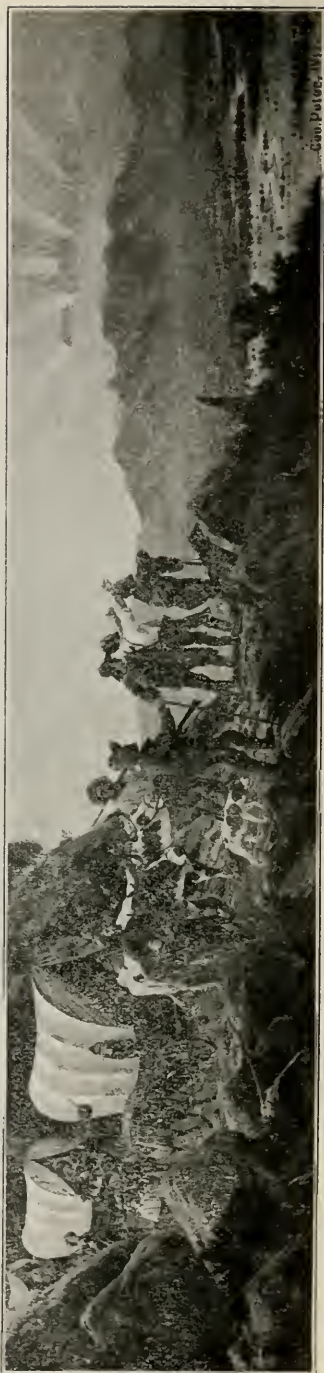
Section of mural painting by George Peter, on exhibition in Public Museum, Milwaukee, Wis.

form, with the fairest of all, a city, whose beauty of situation, whose wealth of resources, should be known throughout the world, rising in the shimmering desert, hard by the barren shores of the great dead sea. In the very heart of that scorched waste should stand the House of the Lord, with other structures, stately and enduring.

In the Public Museum of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is a splendid mural painting, featuring the scene. The institution named holds first place among the municipal museums of America, and under the efficient administration of its director, Mr. Henry L. Ward, has acquired an enviable fame both in this country and beyond the seas.

One of the most richly equipped departments in the Milwaukee Museum is that of Anthropology, with the well-known specialist and able investigator, Dr. S. A. Barrett, in charge. Assisting Dr. Barrett is George Peter, an artist of high and varied attainments. To the co-operative effort of the three gentlemen named is due the credit attaching to the splendid exhibit herein described, the cost of which has been met by the commendable liberality of the Milwaukee municipality.

Illustrative of the scenery and native life of the Great American Desert, a group installation has been made with marvelous skill and effectiveness. This, with the mural painting already

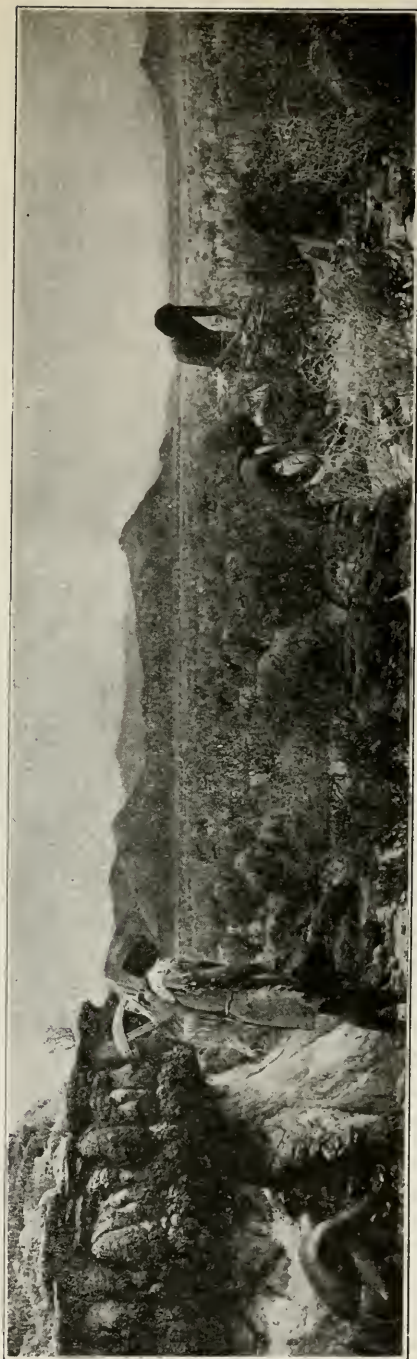


*From mural painting in Public Museum, Milwaukee, Wis., depicting first view of Salt Lake Valley by Brigham Young and the pioneer party, July 1847.*

referred to, was first opened to the public in May of this year. The principal features are summarized in a letter from Dr. Barrett to the author, an extract from which follows:

"The group itself is 28 ft. in length, 13 ft. in depth, and room height, which is 16 ft. The scene depicted is, of course, one familiar to you, being the Pyramid Lake region with the Marble Ridge Mountains in the foreground just back of the desert north of Numana, Nevada. In the distance are the higher mountains lying in and around Lake Winnemucca, while Pyramid Lake lies off to the left. Here in the left foreground is shown a very interesting outcropping of trachite covered with the thinolite deposit of the old Lake Lahontan bed. From a rift in the trachite issues a tiny trickling spring, which is so characteristic of the desert region, and which forms the center about which the Paviotso family is gathered. The spring itself is actually living water, as I believe I pointed out to you when you were here, and is unique in group work in that respect.

"At the spring is crouched a boy who is getting a drink from the pool, while the mother of the household, carrying her baby in the typical Great Basin baby basket, is just going toward camp with a water bottle in one hand. The camp lies on the right in the foreground, and is merely one of the typical summer brush enclosures, in which the father is skinning a rabbit while the daughter is tending the fire and supplying it with wood which is being brought in by another one of the sons.



*Indian Encampment on Great American Desert, prior to advent of white men. Group exhibit in Public Museum, Milwaukee, Wis.*

About this enclosure are the various utensils, such as baskets of various kinds, grinding stones, various kinds of food, rabbitskin blankets, etc.

"In short the entire scene depicts the typical daily life of an average Paviotso family in the vicinity of Pyramid Lake before the coming of the Whites and when that tribe was in its prime."

A view of this excellent installation conveys to the observer the vivid impression of an outdoor scene, embracing far perspective and vast distances. As set forth above the entire exhibit occupies an alcove 28x13 feet and 16 feet high. On the floor are the lifesized Indian figures, real baskets and other utensils, actual desert brush and sand, and the built-up ledge of volcanic rock encrusted with calcareous deposit from the old lake. The back wall is painted to show a continuation of the desert plain, with the shore-lined mountains rising in the distance. Looking at the picture, or gazing into the alcove through the plate glass front, one is unable to determine where the floor with its solid objects ends, and the wall with its painted scenery begins.

No scenic presentation of the conquest of the Great American Desert would be complete without the epoch-marking incident of the arrival of the "Mormon" pioneers in July, 1847. This the museum officials at Milwaukee were quick to observe and prompt to supply. On the wall above the glass front of the alcove, and extending throughout its full length, is a painting by Mr. Peter, showing the first view of Salt Lake Valley by Brigham Young and his pioneer companions. A further excerpt from Dr. Barrett's letter embodies this brief description:

"The mural painting showing the Mormon Pioneers overlooking the Salt Lake Valley, July, 1847, is, of course, too familiar to you to need any detailed description. I might mention, however, that the figures represented are obtained from information supplied by yourself, and especially from photographs and cuts sent by you for our use; and it has been our endeavor to represent these early pioneers as portraits, keeping as nearly as possible to their probable appearance at the age they would have been in 1847. Of course in certain cases no early photographs were available, that is to say no photographs going back as far as 1847. They are from right to left—as follows: Wilford Woodruff, Brigham Young, Erastus Snow, Geo. A. Smith, Willard Richards (on horseback), Chas. C. Rich, and Ezra T. Benson."

Mr. George Peter, the artist, caught the spirit of the scene when he stood upon the Wasatch barrier and looked westward over valley and lake. His obedient brush has pictured with effective artistry the vision of Temple, Tabernacle, and other buildings, as he conceives them to have risen before the prophet-leader's vision. Needless to say, this excellent and really magnificent exhibit in the Public Museum of Milwaukee is the subject of much comment and praise, which it most richly deserves.

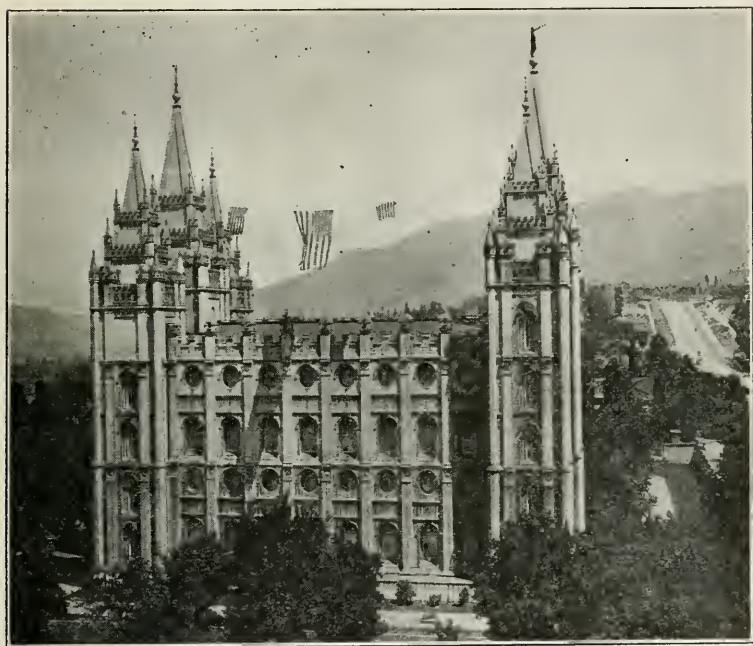
As students of Utah history have often read, the first view of the promised land was forbidding to many of the pioneer

party. An arid plain, rimmed by mountains making it a literal basin, held in its lowest part the salty dregs of what had been a vast inland sea. No flowery meadow, no tree worthy the name, hardly a patch of greensward appeared to entice the travelers from the mountain heights into the burning lowlands.

'Twas the very spot of which Colonel James Bridger had spoken when he boisterously pledged a thousand dollars in gold for the first ear of corn that could be matured in the valley.

"Weak, worn, and weary as I am", wailed one of the three women in the pioneer party, "I'd rather we push on another thousand miles than stop here."

Yet there they stopped; and, without loss of an hour, the



*The Great Temple, Salt Lake City, July 1917, with flags of the Nation suspended between the east and west towers.*

men hitched horses and oxen to plows and set to work to break the ground. But the soil that had been centuries in the baking refused to yield to the share. A dam was hastily thrown across the mountain stream alongside which the colonists had encamped, and the site chosen for the first field was flooded. Potatoes and other seed were put in and the ground was watered again. Such was the birth of the irrigation system in modern America, which now is admitted to be the only practicable means

of making arable our vast domain of arid lands.

From Pioneer Day, 1847, to the present the stream of immigration to the erstwhile desert has never ceased. Over the great Temple today float the flags of the Nation, expressive of the devotion and loyalty of the people in the current world crisis.

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## A Mirage of Life

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I said to my soul, "Now's the time to be gay,  
I'll seek the world's pleasures and join with the throng;  
No shadow shall dim my horizon today;  
My harp I will tune to the merriest song."

I then saw a broad road, well peopled, ahead,  
Bestrewn with fine roses of varying hue;  
All the briars from the path of the traveler were cleared,  
No clouds marred the sunshine, of Heaven's bright blue.

I hurried my feet to this scene, at the dawn,  
But found the way slippery; I hardly could move;  
All the roses were gone, leaving only the thorns,  
And mists rose and shut out the sunshine above.

Now rosy and tempting, all covered with dew,  
I saw all the rich fruits my heart could desire;  
While longing to reach some, more eager I grew,  
I thought of the eating I never could tire.

Yet, when I possessed them their lustre had fled;  
I found 'twas a phantom my fancy had chased;  
There was only the husks left, all withered and dead,  
What I thought would be sweet was as gall to my taste.

Away in the distance a sparkling lake  
Of pure crystal water arose to my sight.  
I ran with the foremost in haste to partake;  
For daylight was fading, and soon it was night.

I walked and I ran, and I ran and I walked,  
To quench my great thirst ere the darkness should fall;  
But sorrow enwrapt me, I found I was balked;  
'Twas only a mirage of life, after all.

Ah, me! I was weary, dejected and sore,  
All the birds ceased their song and the woods their refrain;  
Gray clouds at my folly shed tears o'er and o'er,  
And the eyes of the gloaming closed slowly in pain.

The world's fleeting pleasure at best only cloys,  
Though Satan entice with his glitter and show;  
But durable treasures and heavenly joys  
Await all who patiently fight their way through.

*Hannah Ward Bennett.*

*Salt Lake City.*

# Withhold Your Verdict

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*By Annie Woodbury Hafen*

---

"Oh-h! This weather," I yawned as I stretched my arms forth in a most unladylike manner and whirled around on my office chair; "I simply can't stay awake."

But I noticed that the gray head of my employer was nodding also; his nose suddenly bumped the desk, and up his head flew.

"Gracious! this weather," he mused as he sought for the place on his book where he had left off.

"Just what I was saying. I simply can't accomplish one thing this afternoon," I said emphatically, trying to thrill myself with renewed energy. But on a hot day in August, when the dampness on your brow neutralizes the night's work of your curlpapers, and your fresh waist hangs limply about you, it is very hard to thrill yourself with energy. Nor is it easy to be the amiable janitor, nor the swift errand girl, nor the perfect adding machine that you are expected to be in a little county office.

You see, I was Deputy Clerk in a county office in southern Utah. The County Clerk was a very kind yet steadfast man and he made things just as pleasant as possible for me during working hours.

On this especially stupefying afternoon he noticed my restlessness and suggested that I might clear out the old cupboard in the corner while I rested my eyes and brain. This cupboard had been a catch-all for the relics left by each retiring clerk. Old seals, old inkwells, old stamp pads, old watches, old bottles, —all combined made it seem like an old curiosity shop. There was no work that could have suited me better just then. In a short time, by my side there was a great heap of junk for the rubbish pile, and the shelves were taking on a clean and orderly look.

On the very bottom shelf, from away back in a dusty, dark corner, behind a tin box, I drew forth an old, yellow county newspaper, and a bundle tied up in a faded red silk handkerchief.

"What's this?" I asked as I dangled the dusty bundle before my employer. Upon investigation, he pronounced it to be the trinkets and papers taken from the body of an anonymous

man drowned in the Clara Creek some ten years before. The newspaper contained an account of his death.

"No use keeping them any longer," he said finally; "throw them into the junk heap."

I was very curious to know what the bundle contained, but I worked on until the last trace of disorder was cleared away. It was then past five o'clock, the time for closing, so I took my belongings, the curious bundle, and the aged newspaper, and seated myself in the shade of a tree in the back yard.

"Man drowned in Santa Clara Creek," ran the startling headlines in the worn weekly paper. The words sent a chill down my back; but I wanted to know more about the mysterious death, the bundle, and all, so I read on until I had devoured every detail in the article.

The newspaper stated that on May 1, 1901, the dead body of a man had been found on the east bank of the Santa Clara Creek. Nothing could be found on the body of deceased to fully identify him; a few papers and trinkets revealed that his name was Jack and that he came from Kansas. An inquest held decided that the man, apparently a prospector, had attempted to cross the flooded creek on a donkey, and that neither donkey nor man had come out alive. All information obtainable, which was very meager, was telegraphed to authorities in Kansas; no claimant appeared; so the body was buried by the County in the St. George cemetery.

With a curious thrill I turned to examine the bundle. For fully fifteen minutes I tugged at the hardened knot. The threadbare cloth suddenly broke and into my lap slid a dozen yellow papers and an old silver watch. In the back of the useless time-piece I found a soft yellow curl, quite glossy yet. It was from some baby's head, I knew. I scanned a few papers. They were love letters from a wife to her husband written in a rather rough, girlish hand. Yes, they were truly love letters. The simple language in every one was teeming with all the love, devotion, and longing that a waiting wife can feel for an absent husband.

Briny tears were streaming down my cheeks when I came to the last letter. It was longer than the others. Besides the usual phrases of love and yearning, there was a plea for her husband to return.

"Your letters," it read, "have been less frequent lately, and they do not seem so full of love. I have wondered, can you be forgetting? Jack, dear, give up your prospecting. Come back to the little farm. I shall be quite content and happy now, even if we are poor, if you are with us! Every time the whistle blows, little Rose screams and claps her hands, 'cause she thinks her daddy's coming. But he hasn't come yet. I am sending one of her curls—her little head is covered with them now. Let it, if

nothing else, bring you back to your baby and your Lily who loves you."

I was touched by the sweet appeal, and I wondered if the man wilfully, could longer stay away from the yearning wife. Who could ever know? But turning over the last page of her letter I found written in a scrawling, masculine hand:

"*Dear Lily*—excuse paper. It's all I've got. I'm broke now but as soon as I can raise the dow I'll come home. Kiss the little kid for me. I keep her curl inside my watch. Will write more when I land some work."

But that reassuring letter was never sent. I closed my eyes and pictured a mother and child somewhere in the world, who had hopefully waited and watched for footsteps that never came. Then I could see as the years sped by and brought no tidings that a loving heart had calloused, a hopeful spirit turned to one of dread despair; for the man could never return and the woman could never know why. My heart bled as I pictured the lonely, broken wife who bowed down and bitterly moaned, "Deserted."

Yes, all indications said she was deserted, and yet the man was true to her. O woman, withhold your verdict. The man is innocent until he is proved guilty. You should trust. Ah, it is easy to say what another should do!

All the while that I had been reading the letters and sorrowing for those unfortunates, I was silently living again my own troubles and sorrowing for myself. How different life might have been if—but there was the big unconquerable if. All was over now. I leaned my head against a post. The tears did not flow but there was a dull heavy ache in my heart. The sun had gone down. All was quiet save the distant roaring of the river. It was the peaceful twilight hour—yes, love's own sweet hour; but not for me. Just then the sentence that I had passed on the other woman fell upon me. Withhold your verdict. The man is innocent until he is proved guilty. Had I trusted enough? or had my pride killed my sense of justice? No, no, the man was guilty in my case; and yet, I could not prove it. I must think. I must think it all over.

We were schoolmates, Ray and I. I always admired him. He was the ideal of my girlish dreams. And then he went away to study. He had strong ambitions to become a worthy lawyer. For years we wrote our friendly letters; sometimes they were few and far between, but they never stopped entirely until—well, last spring, just three months ago, he wrote a truly love letter saying he felt confident that he could now take care of a wife and he wanted a wife to care for him. The dear old fellow! He did it in a matter-of-fact, business-like way, yet it all sounded so sweet to me. It was just what my heart was hungering for.

"I think you love me, Evelyn. I can almost read it between the lines in your letters. But," he wrote in his mock-serious way, "if I am mistaken, and you do not care for me, do not send a letter of rejection. No, no, I would far better receive no answer at all."

Well, I knew that he knew that I loved him. I could not hide my joy. I was the happiest girl in the world at the mere thoughts of being his wife, so I wrote a letter in which I poured out my heart to him. And what did I receive for it? I was ignored, humiliated. Days went on, but still no letter came. It was then I felt with bitterest pangs that he was merely playing with me. When I had received that letter I was so happy that I could not contain myself. I had told mother, father, those dear girl friends, and even my little brothers and sisters; and now, now they all knew that things were different. It was not only losing the man that hurt. There was the humiliation that came when my family and friends knew that I was jilted. I could not bear their pitying glances. Oh, how could he do it? It was wicked; it was cruel. If it were only possible that he was not to blame. Perhaps, he had not received my letter. Perhaps the same treacherous stream that had taken that man from his wife, had also stolen my letter and had taken my love from me. Improbable, but could it not be possible? Three months ago the spring freshets were raging. More than once the mail sacks had been snatched from the hack by the floods. But had they not always been rescued from the waves? I wanted to hope, and yet I dared not. Should I have faith in him till he was proved guilty? No, I could not; my humiliation had been too great.

Oh, I was so weary of everything. I opened my eyes and glanced around. It had grown quite dusky, so I gathered up my things and sauntered home. Mother met me at the door.

"Why Eva, what makes you so late tonight?" she asked gently.

I smiled sadly but could not speak. Mother understood. More than once during the past two months I had come home with the same heavy heartache.

"James," she called, "saddle Eva's pony and bring it to the gate."

The dear discerning mother! She knew what I wanted and needed at times like this. I aimlessly dressed in my riding habit.

"Couldn't you eat a bit of supper before you go?" mother coaxed. But I shook my head. She brought a glass of rich, fresh milk.

"You must drink this, child." I swallowed it, mounted my horse, and was out in the starry night.

Betsy did not gallop off as she usually did. She caught my

mood and paced along at a slow, easy gait. I wanted to be out in the world of nature, away from everything human. The creek was roaring tonight. I guided my pony to the fields where the water flowed. As I rode along in the shadow of the old Black Hill, my heart prayed painfully and I bowed my head over my dear little Betsy's neck.

"Dear, kind Father, give me wisdom, give me faith, and," I breathed aloud, "give me love."

We followed the creek until it joined the Virgen River. Betsy and I halted and looked long at the dark, roaring waters. Suddenly a light fell about us. I turned. The great yellow moon was rising over the hills not far away. Its light transformed the dark waters into dancing mirrors. O mighty forces, —two racing rivers, coming from different points, one heavy with thick, yellow clay, the other dark with black, rich soil. They met, mingled their waters, and became one stronger, mightier body that raced onward to the Colorado.

"Ah," I thought, "how like our lives. Man and woman coming from different parts, leading different colored lives, meet, mingle, merge and become one mightier power in the grand realm of parenthood."

Then such a feeling surged through my being. I closed my eyes. I could hear the waters singing:

"As unto the bow the arrow,  
So unto the man is woman.  
Though she bends him, she obeys him;  
Though she follows, yet she sways him:  
Useless each without the other."

Yes, I decided that I wanted and needed my love so badly, I would trust; I would bury my false pride. I would write to him. I would find if there were a misunderstanding. I would know all. And perhaps—perhaps all would be well yet.

With renewed strength and steadfast purpose, I guided my pony towards home. We galloped along through the moonlit fields. Filled with the joy of living, my whole being cried out: "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world."

When I reached home, I went straight to my room, wrote a short, business-like note to Ray. I asked if he had received my letter of acceptance; if he had, and had changed his mind regarding me, things were all right as they were; but if he had not received it I,—well, I merely wanted him to know that I had written it.

I could not expect a written answer from him for at least four days. As I waited, I felt hopeful. Whatever the answer, I should, at least, know the truth.

On the evening of the second day, as I was lying in our old

hammock under the cool, breezy trees, a messenger boy ran in with a telegram. I trembled as I opened the paper. It was from him. When I read the message my heart thrilled. I knew then that he cared, that he, too, had suffered during these months of misunderstanding. In a visionary flash I saw our happiness ahead,—two lives merging into one grand realm. I was supremely happy, and yet all that the message said was:

“Did not receive your letter of acceptance. Send duplicate immediately. Sincerely yours, Ray.”

*Bunkerville, Nevada.*

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## I Love the World

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I love the world with all its cares,  
 With all its clouds and rain;  
 I love it though it freely shares  
 With me its cares and pain;  
 I love it still when blizzards roar,  
 When snow-flakes fill the air,  
 Or when God's thunder shakes my door,  
 And livid lightnings glare.

I love this world, aye, love it well,  
 When azure skies smile down  
 Upon some shady mountain dell,  
 Where shadows lose their frown;  
 And when some songster trills a lay  
 Of never-ending mirth,  
 I fancy that his warbles sav,  
 “I love you, Mother Earth!”

I love the world for its own sake;  
 I love its smiles and tears;  
 I love it where the wild waves break  
 And where the hot sun sears;  
 I love its hills, its vales, its peaks,  
 Its beauties all unfurled;  
 I love its rippling, babbling creeks—  
 I love this dear old world!

I love the earth because she's true,  
 Her bounty shelters me;  
 Her products suckled on her dew  
 Are sweet as foods can be;  
 Her moon is mine each summer night,  
 All mine her skies of blue,  
 Her sunshine—all for my delight,  
 I love the world, don't you?

*H. R. Merrill.*

*Preston, Idaho.*

# Outdoor Scout Work\*

Hikes, Troop Camps, Cooking, Sanitation, Supervision

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*By Dr. Charles G. Plummer*

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I am reminded, on looking at this program, that I am to give the experiences of a lifetime in about twenty minutes. I have five sections to each of which I must devote but four minutes; and I am reminded again that it is a very strenuous task, but because it is a strenuous task I would like to have your closest attention. I am going to put some data on the black-board later that I think will be helpful to scout masters and assistants.

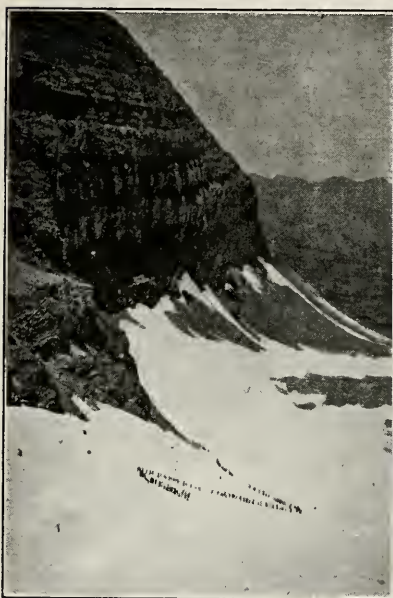
The first part of the topic is Hikes. If I were a scout-master the first thing I would take into consideration would be the boy himself. I know perfectly well, from a good many years' experience with the boy, that there never was one boy like another boy; that no one boy ever has a physical equipment that another boy has; that physical equipment and mental equipment vary with each individual; that we are not dealing with a mass. We are dealing with a great number of particularly refined individualities, and each one of those individualities functions according to a law unto itself, and functioning along that law he is looked upon as peculiar. So each one of us looks at them with the eye of peculiarity. Now then, we have a scout leader who has thirty-two men under him; may be he only has twenty-four. If he had sixteen he would do better work. The troop is too large at thirty-two. That would be my idea. It is about large enough at sixteen. He has boys over twelve years of age. He has boys who still have imaginations. I dare say that any person in this room who is over sixteen years of age, unless he be an unusual individual, has forgotten even how to spell Imagination, let alone what it means. Why? Because he has lost the vision for everything in life except success by the money way. The dollar is the great big, round, iron wheel that rolls and rolls into his pocket and keeps his imagination under cover until it is educated out of him. So the adults, to whom I speak, perhaps have lost most of their imaginations. The boy has the vision; and if the scout-

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\*An address to Scout officers, delivered at the M. I. A. Conference, June 8, 1917.

master has the keenness of perception to see the boy's vision, or the beginning of the boy's vision, and can take him into his confidence so far as to get the boy's point of view—each and every one different—he will cause to bloom in that boy that particular thing which we most desire—the flower of a perfect manhood!

The boy himself must have a good heart, first,—physically I mean. That heart must be possessed of unknown power. It must have great endurance; because I have tramped with boy-scouts, and I know what the scout pace is—fifty paces, big, long



*Hikers at the Head of the Glacier  
Mt. Timpanogas*



*Hiking on Mt. Timpanogas*

paces, running; then fifty big, long paces walking. I am sorry to say that the scout patrol-leader who sets the pace, takes a much longer stride running than he does walking; and a boy, carrying a two, three, five or twenty pound pack on his back, besides ax and canteen, is carrying altogether too heavy a load for such a pace. The boy is not like the man, though "men are only boys grown tall; hearts don't change much after all." The man has changed his organism, perhaps, in physical size. The boy is growing, and he has not that completed mechanism. His heart is a muscle, the same as the man's heart is a muscle, but the boy's heart has not developed to its maximum size and its maximum efficiency as a muscle; the

man's has had more stress placed upon it, and it is capable of standing more labor. When we run or climb a hill, with a pack on the back, whether or not it be a long or short hike, there must be a certain amount of muscular stress; about the same as if I take this arm up here and flex the fore-arm continuously for an hour, I would be so muscularly fatigued that I could not raise it to my head.

A man is like a horse: he is as good as his feet. A horse is absolutely worthless unless he has good feet. A young boy-scout cannot get around with bad feet. Of course, that takes us immediately to what we would do with bad feet. This is the physical equipment of the boy, mind you. In the first place, he has to be well shod. He must be so well shod that he may step with comfort. Whether he steps a pace of eighteen inches or thirty-six inches he must have comfort. The horse that is shod uncomfortably, where the shoe is pinched in at the heel, and if it is off level, he develops a corn. The boy does the same thing. A lame horse is no good; a lame or limping man is no good, unless it be some physical accident that has put him that way. He cannot be a soldier, because he cannot fulfil all the requirements of a soldier. He must have the good heart and the good feet. Then, he must have the good eye. The eye must be perfect. It must focus here and focus there, exactly alike. It cannot focus with the left eye there and the right eye at this point. Without glasses there is a muscular strain; and the boy in the developmental period is just like a piece of exquisite man-made mechanism, only far finer,—it requires adjustment.

The hike must be planned for the boy's development. When I see boys of twelve and thirteen going out taking a fourteen mile hike I often wonder how they do it. I ask them how it feels to go fourteen miles. I get a great variety of answers. I know how it feels, because I do a good many hundreds of fourteen miles, going alone, and I know how my legs feel in fourteen miles' tramping, sometimes tramping over heavy roads. I wonder how the boy stands it, because he has to use up so much more vitality than I do. I know how the mechanism of the boy must suffer, and I wonder that there is not better physical inspection of the boy before he starts out on such long journeys. Now, another thing about the hikes, whether long or short: the short hike for the growing boy, at a slow pace of two or two and one-half miles an hour, is to be recommended. When I am rushed for time trying to catch the last train, I often make four miles or even five miles an hour, and I have to hustle. A mile in twelve minutes, for three or four miles, is pretty good going. If you don't believe it, try it.

If the boy goes out for a twenty-four hour hike and camp

he must be prepared for that night out of doors. That brings me to the second division, Troop Camps. Suppose you have a troop of thirty-two men, and you go into camp. You select a good site, and that site always ought to be properly elevated above the surroundings. Three particular things determine the making of a successful camp: water, fuel and drainage. Whether a camp of one day or one week it does not matter; secure perfect drainage away from the camp site. The most essential thing of all is water; and the next is fuel; and the next is protection from heat or from cold. If you are on the desert you have to hunt a long time to get protection from heat. If you are in the mountains you can get all the protection you want from heat, but sometimes you cannot get much protection



*Camping*

from cold; but while in the mountains, camping where I do occasionally, frequently winter and summer, I find that one must protect oneself by selecting a good site, where he can always get water. You can get along without warmth; you can go several days without much food; but you cannot go without water. Why? The main ingredient of your blood is water. There are pounds and pounds of water in your blood; and when you perspire, carrying a pack-sack with a lot of stuff in it, you lose a certain amount of water. Where does that water come from? Right out of your blood; and unless you replace it you are reeking, you might say, with thirst. Thirst is only the cry of the blood for water. That is all—just the cry of blood for water; and when we make that demand of the body and do not supply it we are overtaxing the boy. The man may hike on his own development which he has built up. He goes from that camp for a long walk, and when he comes back he requires really only two things: food and water; and in using that

food and water, he does what? Just supplies, repair and waste. The boy must eat enough and save enough to supply the third thing; and what is that? Development. You wonder how he can eat so much, and you say a boys' eyes are bigger than his stomach. I doubt it. His stomach will hold almost everything he can see. I know mine can. He must grow while he walks and while he runs, and he must replace that loss or waste; so he must supply himself with proper nutriment.

The waste goes on whether he walks or sleeps. He must build up tissue for the next day. Now, the man puts it away in little cells in the muscles, puts away a lot of energy, starch or sugar, whatever you want to call it; but the boy has to make bone, which grows long and strong. He must build the muscle while repair and waste go on. If he fails to build up more than he consumes in the muscular exercises, his little legs will drag, and he will come into camp like a man of seventy-five. He should not be called upon to endure these things. If he only makes eight miles a day it is better than making sixteen and being in bad condition. The hike should be such that it will leave him with a little energy to hustle for himself when he gets back to camp. So in that camp, whether one day or a week, the considerations are good water, elevation, fuel and protection from heat or cold; and the hike should be planned so that it will suit the condition of the boy.

Then I have here Cooking. Now, cooking is the basis of all of our troubles. We must guard against three things in connection with cooking: bad selection of food, the improper cooking of food, and then the improper eating of the same. The boys have a bad habit; they are desirous of taking along a whole lot of nicknacks, so-called dainties, from home. They want to load up on a lot of sweet stuff. It takes sweet stuff to make the legs go, to make the heart go, to make the muscles respond and function properly. It takes sweet stuff, but the boy wants to take everything in sight and have a little bit left that he can stow away in his coat somewhere, for eating between meals. That is a bad thing. The less one carries in a cooking outfit, the less in equipment, the better he is off.

Now, I am going on a long tramp in July or August. I am going down to Lund on the train; then I am going to tramp to Kanarraville, over into the head waters of Little Zion. I am going alone, and carry a pack of about thirty-five pounds. From the head waters of Little Zion I am going to explore all the forks that spread out down to Rockville and around through Saint George and back up to Lund, about two hundred miles, in ten, twelve or thirteen days. I am not going to carry twenty-five or thirty pounds of grub, nor an old coffee pot, an old frying pan or skillet, a lot of things like that. In the first place, I

den't drink coffee. I am too good a "Mormon" to drink coffee. (Applause.) And still I don't belong to the Church; but I feel just that way about it. While I am out tramping or anywhere else I do not carry a lot of meat with me. I do not require that meat, but I do carry a pound or two or three pounds of this, that or the other thing that is in a very concentrated form. I carry the most concentrated foods because they take up so little space, and one is not obliged to eat so much at one time—such as cheese, nuts, raisins, chocolate.

You may stick your nose up at cheese, but cheese is rich in fat and protein; it is so concentrated there is no waste, and it sticks to your ribs and gives you muscle and warmth that you cannot get from meat. Then, the lowly bean occupies an im-



*Learning Scout Cooking in the Open*

portant place. It is rich in food elements. When I come to a camp at night I cleanse a cupful of beans, carefully, then put them to soak for a while. Then I make a Dutch oven, which is a hole in the ground, with hot rocks around it, and put the beans, with enough water to keep them cooking, in the container, and let them simmer there all night. Then in the morning, when you break camp, select a suitable place in your pack to dispose of the package of beans, still cooking, and carry them until the next camp fire when you start them cooking again the same way, and that night for dinner you will have a mess of beans that is thoroughly cooked and is most appetizing. They have 29 to 34 per cent protein, which makes the muscular tissue which you need to carry this big body. Beef-steak has nine to twelve per cent protein. Beef-steak is rotten, filthy

material which passes away the same as this body will, some time, but a bean lives forever. It is the net product of the plant. It is the seed of the plant that contains the most nutrition—from the mustard seed, about the tiniest seed of any plant to the largest nut, the cocoanut, it is the quintessence of nourishment. If you get hungry for food you can eat the rose tips and even weed-seeds, any except poisonous seeds, because they do contain every concentrated food products. It does not sound palatable, but if you are put to it, as I have been, fifty miles from home, without grub or water, you would be glad to eat almost anything edible.

Now, I do not carry a big cooking outfit; I do not drink tea nor coffee. Let us name a sample: the first week I will not be in touch with any markets. At the end of the first week I will land at Rockville, down at the mouth of Little Zion Canyon, where the Little Zion River flows into the Virgen River. I will have consumed about all of my supplies. I will have a pound of cheese, a pound of good nuts. I will not take salted peanuts, because salt makes you more thirsty and adds to the chloride content of your blood. I will take a pound of chocolate. My cheese gives me my protein and my fat. The nuts give me my carbohydrate, or the sugars. My chocolate gives me my carbohydrate, which is my sugar. I will walk with most any of you. You may carry all the meat and vegetables you want, and I will walk you to death, day in and day out, and I will not be overburdening my digestive system. The boy wants all these other things—potatoes, ham, bacon, eggs. The boys will often carry so many eggs that their arms stand out like this, to keep from crushing the eggs; and then they want to carry a lot of vegetables.

I carry a dehydrated vegetable—about seven pounds of green corn, reduced to one pound. The nourishment is not impaired, just the water driven off. A tablespoonful of that green corn put in a few tablespoonfuls of water, in a little dish, gives me a very delicious vegetable. I would not attempt to carry a dozen or two dozen of corn with me. It would be foolish. If I want to carry eggs, I take a pound of egg-powder, which is equivalent to about three and one-half dozen eggs; and two level tablespoonfuls of egg powder, with water or milk, gives me two good, big eggs. A half pound of powdered milk gives me about eight quarts of milk. All I have to do is to add the water. That is pure, powdered milk, dried milk, all of the milk content except the water, residualized to a powder by heat. I go light but I try to go right. I carried a pack of seventy pounds, last February, up the South Fork of Big Cottonwood, on snow-shoes and skis, and I tell you it weighted me down very heavily. I will not carry any bed on this trip, be-

cause I shall sleep on the ground, with one light blanket. The farther south I go the hotter it will get, and I will not need much cover.

He who looks for great comfort and wants to have his beef-steaks, and potatoes, and lettuce, and ice-cream and so forth, will miss them out there because they are not there. If you are going to put a pack on your own back you know how it feels. When the boy puts all these things on his back he is overburdened the first day, but he will grunt on and bear it, and then he will do all he can the next day to get rid of the extra load. So he eats all he can, and then he has the stomach ache; and there is no castor oil in camp. What are you going to do with him? You lay him up, and then you prohibit his eating. Still he is down.

A friend of mine, who is a naturalist in Colorado, Mr. Enos A. Mills, of Estes Park, Colorado, started out two or three years ago to make a trip of one week, and what do you think he carried with him for grub? Just one pound of raisins—one pound. He apportioned that one pound of raisins off into twenty-one meals before he started, because he thought he might be tempted to eat more than the allotted amount for a meal. Then he did from twelve to twenty miles a day, tramping over the rough mountains, and he lost only about four pounds during the week's travel. He told me the number of raisins he ate—just so many a day. He had them stowed away; and as he took one out it did not look very big, but he chewed it so long and hard! Why? Because he knew he must get every bit of nourishment that each raisin contained; and the only way to get it is to chew it, not to bolt it so the whole of it goes down into your stomach, the whole piece entirely unchewed, into the stomach. In this state it goes through your intestinal tract and is lost in foecal discharge. Mr. Mills wanted all that was coming to him, so he took time to get out all the nourishment. Why do I want to spend forty minutes, when another man wants to eat in fifteen? I want to get all that I paid for that meal, and I can only do that by chewing the food material until it becomes a cream, when it slips down and you don't know it. Of course the raisin contains some protein, but unless you do chew it the stomach is impaired in its functioning, and you have a sour stomach; because you have introduced into the stomach something that is not digested by hydrochloric acid and pepsin. For instance, all sweet stuffs are taken care of only by the pancreatic juice just below the stomach. So it behooves you to chew all sweets very thoroughly. Now then, this boy in looking at the raisins has a different notion. I have spoken of this before in boy scout camps. A boy would eat a pound of raisins at one meal, if you gave him the chance. Some people are so foolish

as to say that raisin seeds develop appendicitis. Well, I never have seen any raisin seeds in any excised appendices! Besides, Mr. Mills carried seedless raisins.

Now, a sick boy in camp is worse than a sick boy at home—very much worse. His health must be maintained at the cost of everything else, or you have to pack him back to camp.

I have spoken of your troop camps and how they should be located. I have discussed food and cooking. The next topic is Sanitation. Whether it be a one day camp or a week's camp I take precautions to adopt sanitary means. It does not matter, the method applies to one man or to thirty-two men. The camp ought to be laid out, not particularly with military precision, but laid out in the very best place it is possible to obtain; and when it is laid out it must be done with the idea of conserving every bit of the garbage, foecal matter and urine in such a place that it will not contaminate any stream anywhere near. Who knows but some boy has had typhoid fever a year or two ago? Who knows but what that boy's foecal discharges and urine contain the bacilli of typhoid fever, and when they drop on the ground, hit and miss, all over a little camp or a big camp they will stay there all through the summer and winter, as lively as a cricket; they get into the water, and the first man who drinks that water gets typhoid fever. We have some people, for instance, working in dairies, who, thirty years ago, had typhoid fever, and all of these thirty years, wherever they have worked they have taken typhoid fever. A little treatment and they lose the germ; but it is the idea of taking care of all discharges and having a particular place in which to dispose of them. The way I do in a camp is to build a little trench in the ground two to four feet square, and I erect three or four stones pyramidal in shape; one thin one on the bottom and underneath a Dutch oven affair, and every bit of garbage or discharges of any kind from the human body go into that receptacle, and a continuous slow smouldering fire goes on here. Occasionally I turn in some water. What happens then? Your base stone cracks. The base stone cracks and lets a little water on to the fire. That makes steam. Steam is the best sterilizer which we know in surgery. Of all the places we must be clean it is in surgery, and we sterilize everything in surgery by steam. So that little steam sterilizer takes care of that.

The next best thing for sanitary purposes is the dry dirt toilet—a hole in the ground, with dry dirt, over all discharges; and that latrine location is chosen with nicety, because we do not want it in porous soil, but compact soil. Why? Because it drains slowly through compact soil. The porous soil of rock and sand drains off very quickly, and whenever a boy has to discharge the contents of his bladder or bowel into that latrine

he takes not only a handful of dirt but he takes enough to cover it entirely. That, by and by, sterilizes it, and keeps it covered away from the flies, mosquitoes and all insect life. It does not draw animals around the camp. So the sanitation of the camp must be maintained very strictly, if you want health. I said a while ago a boy is as good as his feet. If he has good feet and is sick, he is as bad as if he had bad feet, because you have him on your shoulders or a stretcher—to carry back.

Now, I want to put one thing on the board. The last is supervision. How would I supervise the patrol, the troop camp? Just in three or four words: Upon Honor Entirely. Why? Just as I said at the beginning, each boy is a particular individual, functioning as he sees his right to function. If you put it up to his honor to come through at all times, and put it up to his conscience at all times to play fair—and the basis of our Scout oath is to play fair, play fair first with myself and then with the other fellow—he will not need much supervision. The idea in supervision is not to look for the other fellow at all; let the other fellow take care of himself. Just take a little peep inside; look at this fellow (self) who is bigger than all creation, and get him and hold him on the honor side, and then the other fellow will take care of his own honor side.

Then, one more thing: I would not teach a love of the law. Rather would I teach the boy the Law of Love. By teaching the Law of Love I would get closer to that boy, or closer to that tiny girl, or that big girl, or that older woman, or that full grown man than all the courts on earth could teach them,—whether he be a boy scout or a full grown man, a camp fire girl or a full grown woman. The Law of Love is the law that controls. (Applause.)

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## Condemned

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Too late! Too late! I am condemned by fate  
 To be untarnished, chaste, and pure in mind.  
 I am so looked upon as second rate,  
 For circumstances blacked this soul of mine.

My friends forget the days of dreamy past  
 So carelessly filled with jingling rhyme;  
 And then took me from them unfair at last  
 By awful strength of sin in course of time.

But yet, O Lord, if Thou'll forgive, I'll try  
 To live a life, though shattered badly now,  
 To win the love of them before I die;  
 And keep my heart as pure and true my vow.

*Don Carlos Smith.*

*Midvale, Utah.*

# Man's Responsibility

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*By Mrs. L. H. Roylance*

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Five men sat in front of the little frame commissary: Larry, Ryan, and Lynch, smoking; Hal, whittling, and the old doctor, quietly looking out across the stream at the new green-plumed firs on the opposite hill. The great derrick at the other end of the steel bridge was outlined against the sky like some giant monster, its huge arm outstretched as if ready to clutch its unsuspecting prey.

From the little white tents across the grade came the flicker and twinkle of lamps and candles. In front of the three black, tarpapered shacks that were the bunkhouses, a camp fire burned. A little nearer the grade, in the shelter of some rocks, two men were boiling clothes in a can suspended on stocks. Half hidden in the pines, on the hill, were three tents, the homes of the wives of the walker, shovel engineer, and one of the bridge crew. From one of these came the sound of a phonograph, and to it all five men were listening. Twilight in the Cascades is very solemn, very still, and very beautiful. The purling ripple of the creek, the sigh of the wind in the pines, the touching melody of old songs, were not without their appeal even to men inured, as were these, to the mystic thrill of the wild.

"Annie Laurie," "Killarney," "Nellie Gray," "My Old Kentucky Home," all the sweet old songs sounded on the still night air. Sometimes Hal in a clear youthful tenor hummed the familiar parts, Larry whistled softly the chorus of Killarney. Then, "She Has Fallen by the Wayside," floated to them. The words were peculiarly distinct, as if sung by an unseen singer. The song ended. They waited silently a few minutes, but evidently it was the last.

Then Larry Keegan arose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and, to hide deeper emotion, remarked casually, "Great song, that."

"True, too, a girl can't make a mistake unless everybody's right there to push her down," said Lynch.

"Humph," it was the old doctor who spoke, "you fellows are the kind that strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. You can sob about a song, yet, when you've made your stake, you'll be among the first to go to town and add to the crime already there."

"That," it was Larry who answered, "is entirely different. We're not responsible for what *those* women are. It's the girls like the misled girl of the song we're thinking of—somebody's sister or daughter. The other kind," scornfully, "are bad anyhow, bad from the start, and nothing we could do would make any difference."

"That's false," the old doctor answered vehemently, "too many, only God knows how many, of the fallen women of the world come from the best families. *They* are somebody's daughters or sisters, too—and invariably the beginning is because of the base treachery of some man. Then there are always plenty of other men ready to make the downward path easy. I tell you when the judgment day comes, it's the men who will have the most to pay. Sometimes I think the women pay enough here."

"You hadn't ought to been a 'physish,' Doc., you'd ought to been a preacher," drawled Ryan, the concrete foreman, a man almost illiterate, but with eye so true and judgment so sure that in his work the use of level and square were almost superfluous.

"The doctor's always handing it to the men, always holding them responsible," chaffed Larry, not unkindly.

The old doctor, despite what they called his "preaching ways," was very dear to the boys. That he was no fairweather friend, more than one of them had had occasion to know during a hard period. "Down and out" times are not at all unusual among the men of the road who live sumptuously when they have a dollar, then lend and borrow to an incredible extent till "flush times" come again.

"'Tain't much use handin' out theories to a bunch like us," remarked Lynch dryly. "Seems to me like the kid," nodding at Hal, "is the only one among us who has anything to learn."

"And if you had any conscience," said the doctor sharply, "you'd want to save him from traveling the road you have gone. I can't see why it is, when men are in the mire they want to drag everyone else in," he finished bluntly as he stamped off toward his tent.

Larry laughed ringingly, "Don't let him scare you, kid; we won't bite, and this little old world is only half bad at that."

"But isn't there some truth in what he said about the women?" Hal questioned, half timidly. Larry was his idol, but the old doctor's words were strangely in accord with the teachings of his own mother.

Larry laughed again, this time a bit harshly, "You can't spoil a bad egg, kid. There are only two kinds of women, the good and the bad—the good will never be bad, and the bad 'ud

be bad anyhow, if you and I had never lived." And the boy, more than half convinced, sauntered off to his bunk reconstructing and readjusting all his old ideals to fit with the new and, to his adventure-loving soul, real conditions of life.

A month later, their work in Oregon was finished. The same five men were in San Francisco awaiting definite word from the contractor about work he was planning to do in the San Joaquin valley. They had been waiting more than a week, and were getting very impatient. Then, one morning, Hal burst suddenly into the hotel room that he and Larry had shared since their arrival:

"Good news," he cried eagerly, "Layton says we're to go out in the morning; everything's ready."

Larry looked up, "Good," he answered, but not with his usual enthusiasm. Something in his voice made Hal look at him keenly; somehow he seemed a different Larry, as he sat there by the window fingering lovingly a little leather-covered book that lay on the sill. There was a certain softness in his usually sparkling blue eyes, and a tenderness in the rugged features; even the leather-covered skin seemed smoother and less withered. His heavy, black hair was rumpled, as if he had been running his fingers through it, a habit he had when thinking.

"What's up?" questioned Hal.

Larry stood up leisurely, shook his great, loose-jointed frame lazily, and drew another chair to the window.

"Oh nothing," a trifle sheepishly, "nothing only memories, memories of when I was a kid."

Hal's eyes opened wide in surprise. Larry with memories! Larry Keegan, the strongest and least emotional man in camp, that is, except in rare intervals of anger when it was said there wasn't a temper like his on the road. Larry, who had spent four years in Africa, been in a South American revolution, mined in Alaska; a hero in a Filipino insurrection, who had tramped over nearly every state in the Union, not to mention little excursions to the Islands and Canada. Larry who persistently refused to shave in camp, but could dress like a Beau Brummel in the city! Somehow Hal had never thought of him as having memories, at least not the kind that would bring that tender light into his eyes.

He dropped obediently into the chair and waited. Larry tramped back and forth across the room, his hands behind his back and head slightly bent—in just the attitude he assumed when solving some perplexing bridge problem. Then he sat down beside Hal.

"I was thinking about home," he said, as he fingered the leaves of the little book. "It's fifteen years since I left. See,

this is the old homestead, these were maples along the walk, then this was a stretch of lawn, and back of it, just here, was mother's garden. That's where I remember her best. She was always among the flowers. Father had been dead many years. He died just after Annie, my only sister, was born. See?" and he turned the leaves rapidly till he came to a much-fingered picture of a girl, "this is Annie." It was a young, sweet-looking face, with soft, dark eyes, and a head of fluffy, black hair—a face that was very pretty, very feminine and, contrasted with Larry's rugged features, a little weak.

"Annie was eight years younger than I; she was our baby" —Larry's eyes were very tender. "You can't know," he added simply, "just how dear she was to me. She was only fifteen when I ran away. I don't know why I went—love of adventure, I guess. I stayed four years, hardly ever writing home. Then I went back. Sometimes I wish I'd never gone. Things were so different. Annie'd gone away, too, eloped the year before with some artist fellow; and mother, the little mother who'd always been so busy and so sunny, was old—years older. She'd sit for hours every day in the garden just quiet and silent—thinking, I guess, of Annie. I hadn't been home long when she died, and her last words were: "Find our little Annie for me, Larry—take care of her if she isn't happy."

"I telegraphed the news of mother's death to the little town in Kansas, where Annie's last letter came from. She wasn't there, and no one seemed to know anything about her. Then I sold the old place, and went west in search of her. I spared neither money nor effort, but Annie had disappeared—I've never heard of her since. I think that's why I am what I am. When a man hasn't anyone to work for, he—well—he doesn't care."

Larry stood up and raised the shade higher, "Looks like rain, in the west," he said, in his normal tones, and Hal knew that the door to old memories, so unexpectedly opened, had been as definitely closed.

An hour later the camp doctor came in and announced brusquely that he was to travel with them: "We leave here to-night, and go by train to Oldsvale, breakfast there, then we take the stage, have dinner out of our pockets, and no supper till we get to the Ferry. Then we walk out to camp, we ought to get in by ten, tomorrow night."

"Sounds rather slim. Are you sure we can get supper at the Ferry?"

"Yeh; Layton says there's a Halfway house there, run by a woman and her daughter. The woman, they say, is a *demi monde*, and the girl is headed that way, but the place is clean,

and the 'eats' are good; anyhow, it's the only place we can get a meal at all."

Larry shrugged his shoulders. The character of the place was of small moment to him, but to Hal the little trip promised to be in the nature of an adventure—a stepping just inside the fringe to catch a glimpse of a brilliant variegated Bohemia beyond.

California, in late summer, when the grass is dried and brown and the very trees seem lifeless, is not attractive, and the long, dull journey did not add to the favor with which they viewed the old roadhouse, when at last the stage drew up in front of it. It was a tall, ramshackle old building with many-paned windows guiltless of curtains. At one side was a small, general store and postoffice; on the other, a motley group of shacks designated by a staring white sign as a Chinese laundry.

"Ye gods, 'tis the end of the earth," exclaimed the ever eloquent Larry, as they gathered grips and bags from the stage and stepped up to the door marked, "Entrance." The interior was scarcely more inviting. A rickety flight of stairs, uncarpeted, faced the entrance—a pair of portiers, hung crookedly, screened a door at the left. A counter, with rows of bottles and glass cases, reached half way across the lobby to the series of alcoves that served as a dining room.

At the desk sat a girl, a very pretty girl—a girl with lips and cheeks that were too red, eyes too alluring, and hair too obviously fluffed—the kind of girl who at maturity would incline to contralto tones, diamonds and splashed Oriental silks. Larry looked at her questioningly. She flashed a smile that revealed two rows of dazzling white teeth. "Some chicken," he said to Hal in an undertone, somewhat louder than a whisper. The girl dimpled; apparently such doubtful compliments were neither distasteful nor unusual. A sign, Soft Drinks, hung over the low glass case on the counter. "Two root beers," said Larry.

She looked at the sign then at them, meaningly, "With a punch," she said suggestively.

"No;" Larry spoke gruffly, "straight." Then, as he sank into a chair at a table in one of the little alcoves—"a kid like that; what's the matter with the laws in this state!" Hal looked at him; evidently even Larry, seasoned as he was, had qualms and standards.

Then the old doctor hustled in and seated himself at their table. "It's supper time," he announced, drawing out his watch "and I'm starved. I say"—turning to the girl—"call us a waitress, will you?"

The girl tapped a bell, and a woman came quietly in from the rear. The doctor looked at her curiously, as she glided

quickly about arranging the table. Somehow, this was not the type of woman he had expected to see. There was something of refinement in the slim figure, and the beautifully arranged hair—black hair streaked with pure white; the slender, well-groomed hands spoke of better days. A soft, black gown accentuated the pallor of her face—a face heavily marked with the ravages of sin and sorrow. Eyes that were dull, as if veiled and set deep, heavily underlined with purple, a brow strangely furrowed, hollow cheeks, lips that were drawn tight, as if in useless, eternal protest. A wreck, a haggard, broken wreck, of what had once been a beautiful woman.

Larry, who had been deeply absorbed in the menu card, looked up; "I say, Molly," he began in his genial way, "can't we have some grapes?"

At the sound of his voice, the woman started, then turned, and looked full at him. A sudden startled light leaped into her eyes. She grew deathly pale, one trembling hand reached out to a chair-back for support.

"Larry!" it was as if the word had been wrenched from her.

Larry half arose and stared at her, intently. Surprise, incredulity and finally conviction struggled for supremacy in his mobile features.

"Annie!" he breathed huskily, "Annie!" Instantly the pictured face of Annie leaped to Hal's consciousness. Surely this wreck of a woman could not be that sweet-faced girl! Yet, as he looked, he knew that it was. The same deep dark eyes, the broad, high forehead with the hair rolled softly back! There could be no doubt. It was the face of the girl of old memories.

The Doctor, alert and self-possessed as ever, glanced quickly about. Two or three men stood in the lobby. The bright-eyed girl was chatting vivaciously with the young stage driver. He arose, and his quiet voice brought Larry and the woman to a sense of present conditions. "Isn't there a private room where you can talk?" he asked, in a low tone, "and Hal and I will be back." The woman turned to a side entrance, but Larry spoke peremptorily, "No; don't go, Annie," he explained, "you don't mind, do you? I want them to know, because they are the nearest friends I ever had."

She nodded assent, and they followed her into the little parlor. She was very calm, too calm, as she drew up chairs around the table for them and seated herself where she could command a view of all three faces: "It's my story you want, I suppose?" Larry nodded.

"There isn't much to tell," she began, her voice a dull low monotone that had in it yet an echo of contralto. It was like some old instrument, tuneless now, but holding still a faint tone of the wonderful music that had once vibrated in it. Her face.

clearly outlined against the dull leather of the big chair, showed the traces of many tears; and, deeper still, traces of tears unwept. As he looked, Larry's own words, so carelessly uttered, ran through Hal's mind, "The good will never be bad, and the bad are bad from the start." "I ran away because I had gone wrong, and I couldn't tell mother. Maurice took me straight to New Orleans where the marriage was performed. I meant to go back home, after a few months, after the birth of the baby, I thought"—there was a hint of tremble in the tone—"I thought mother might forgive me easier then. I wrote to her a few times, and told her of our marriage, and told her I'd come to see her as soon as I could. But we kept drifting farther west. We were in western Kansas, when Monica was born. When she was two days old, he told me there had never been a marriage. The ceremony had been performed by a friend, with no authority. I wanted to go home, then, but pride forbade." The tragic sentence came with as little emotion as if she had been passing the time of day. There was no hint of the shock she must have felt, no word of the struggle of pride and conscience. "Maurice never seemed to work, yet he always had plenty, and I, never having known the value of money, never stopped to ask where he got it. Then, one night, several months later, he came home at eleven o'clock looking very pale and excited, and told me to be ready to catch the 12:10 train west, and travel as light as I could. I thought it strange he brought along two massive trunks that I had never seen before, but when we arrived in California he told me all about it. He was the leader of a gang of counterfeiters, and had narrowly escaped arrest and certain conviction. Then we set up this place, and for several years he carried on his operations here, and I sold liquor under cover of soft drinks, like Monica does now. He threatened to give himself up to the law if I didn't, and—well—I couldn't bear publicity, nor did I want Monica's father known as a criminal. When Monica was eight, he was killed in a runaway accident, some of his pals carried away his outfit, and I was left with nothing but this place. I tried at first to make a living honestly, tried for two years." The hunted look in her eyes deepened at the memory of those two years. "But I couldn't. Then Monica became ill, very ill, and—well I couldn't see my baby sick and hungry. I couldn't see her slowly dying, so—she threw out her hands in a gesture of utter despair—I took the easiest way."

"And since then you have been—" Larry's cold, stern eyes flashed the unfinished question. Her face grew, if possible, a shade grayer, as she answered in flat tones stripped of all emotion, "We had to live."

Larry's face grew harder, colder. It is ever thus, the man

with the sin-scarred soul, the one who has written the blackest chapters in the book of life, is the first to demand that every page recorded by the women who are his own, be pure as the driven snow.

"And the girl?" the air was tense, electrical, as he threw the question at her. It was as if everything, justice, mercy, his final judgment of her, hung in the balance awaiting that answer. Hal and the old doctor leaned forward in an agony of suspense. Faint color mounted to the woman's cheeks, dull fire flashed in her eyes.

"No!" she said sharply. "No!" and they knew that she spoke the truth, "she is a drawing card for the place, but as yet she doesn't know what she represents."

Larry drew a deep breath; it was as if a mighty storm had passed and left him limp and weak, but safe.

Then the fire and the color receded from the woman's features and the haggard, wearied look came back, as she began in the old, dull monotone: "There are always plenty of men ready to make the down path easy, once you've started, you go so gradually you don't realize how far you've gone, but the life has been too much for me; my health is broken. They say I have not long to live, Larry," she hesitated, and into her eyes came that wistful longing that speaks of a vast yearning for what might have been, "Oh Larry," then the wells of emotion seemed suddenly to burst open. Her eyes filled, and a sob choked in her throat, "how, oh how can I die, and face mother over there?" She leaned across the table and burst into an abandon of sobs. Larry sat motionless, apparently unmoved, watching her.

"Remember, son," there was no hint of reproach in the old doctor's voice, "you, too, will have the little mother to meet!"

A strange look came into Larry's eyes. It was as if the question of men's morals, hitherto a mere matter of opinion or environment, had become suddenly personal, as if for the first time he understood that to someone, somewhere, the wreck of every woman's life had a meaning, as deep as this.

His stern eyes clouded, a little of the old, boyish look came back. Perhaps he remembered his mother's last words, "Find our Annie for me, Larry." He arose, and crossing over to her, laid his hand on her shoulder. "Annie," he said huskily. The old doctor signalled to Hal, and the two left the room.

"It is better to leave them alone," he said as he silently turned the key in the door. "Larry has a heart of gold, and she is little Annie to him, still."

They stepped out into the street and walked slowly over toward the hills.

"Larry spoke of a piece of land—"

"Yes; four years ago he bought a ranch, perhaps he will take her there, and maybe," the doctor's voice was speculative, "maybe there is some chance now for the girl."

"Always plenty of men ready to make the down path easy," her words, almost the same words the doctor had used in the little camp in the Cascades. Over and over they pounded in Hal's brain, as the little tragedy re-enacted itself before him.

"I guess, Doctor," Hal spoke tentatively, "you were right, a man ought to live straight and clean; for a life wrecked like Annie's, some one will surely have to pay."

"It isn't only Annie's life," they were swinging slowly up the hill toward camp now, "think of all the other lives involved."

The night was clear and blue and cool. The stars were very bright, a few soft clouds trailed along the misty way. A California night, a night of dreams and fancies! As the old doctor talked, visions of the past, dream-scenes of the "might have been" unfolded like pictures on a screen.

"There was the girl's mother—"

Dimly he saw the little gray haired woman in her garden among the periwinkles and Canterbury bells, grieving alone for the beautiful blossom she had lost, grieving until at last a merciful God had called her to a fairer garden.

"And Annie—"

The sunny, fair-faced girl, then the haggard world-weary woman, flashed upon the screen, then dissolved again as a dream-scene shaped itself. A little old lady in a garden with grandchildren, the happy little family that might have been Annie's—the little family that should have brought her youth to her again.

"And Larry—"

The stern, rugged man whose few pitiful ideals were now so rudely shattered; like dim faces from the shadows came the half-formed vision of what under other conditions Larry could have been, and now would never be.

"The girl—"

Her face flashed before him, vivid little passion-flower, born of sin and sorrow, nurtured amid evil, who could say what pictures would be cast upon the screen of life for her!

They had reached the top of the hill. Before them lay the little valley. The air was heavy with the scent of grapes and autumn fruits. In the distance the lights of the camp twinkled. The moon, just coming up over the hill, flooded the night with light. It seemed strangely symbolic of the flood of new understanding, pouring into the boy's soul.

"And generations yet unborn"—the Doctor's voice was very low, "we have only seen the beginning, lad, for so closely are the lives of men knit that not one of us can sin without in

some way affecting the lives of others. Not only the man who first led Annie astray, but all of them, every one, who helped in her downfall, for some of its far-reaching effects will be held responsible."

They were nearing camp now, and the Doctor, eager that the boy might learn his life's lesson, without going through the sorrow that had brought to his own temples the premature grey, grew very solemn, very earnest. "You can do but little, my boy, to stem the tide of wickedness; but keep your own soul pure, and you can go back to the God who placed you here, unspotted, unafraid."

The walk was ended. Hal crawled into his bunk, his body weary with the long day's journey; and, as he lay looking through the open side of the tent into the calm, still night, he registered in his soul a thought that was like unto a vow and a prayer: "Oh Father, in my hour of temptation, bring again to my memory this day, that I may remember ever, man's responsibility."

*Glendale, Oregon*

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## Reparation

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We speak of reparation, but tell me, pray,  
What power can clear, what hand repay  
The bitter loss—the life that's snatched away?

Reparation! Yes, 'tis pleasing to our ears;  
But can it half atone for burning tears,  
For aching hearts, or fevered brows, or haunting fears?

Naught can restore the loss of manly power;  
The faith of women, true but tender as a flower;  
The cries of children, lest wicked Thor devour.

Reparation! Yes. But, hark! the tolling bell  
Strikes deep for those slain in that living hell;  
And list! afar the dirge for Nurse Cavell.

Reparation! we shout. But nothing e'er redeems  
The loss of classic art. Rare, ravaged Rheims  
Now lives alone in sad and cherished dreams.

Ships, cities, states, gold! But can they, pray,  
Bring back loved ones who proudly marched away?  
Great God, e'en thou cannot in full repay!

*Atlanta, Georgia*

*Frank C. Steele*

# The Patriotic Necessity of Saving

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By Dr. Elmer G. Petersen, President of the Agricultural College of Utah

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Conservation and thrift, once a theory, has now become a stern necessity. What we formerly thought was very desirable and admirable by those few who practiced it, now becomes a matter of very nearly life and death consequences. To be sure, in free America, governmental edict has not stipulated the extent to which saving shall be practiced, but conditions very possibly may eventuate to that end. Let us recount how the governments of Europe have decreed that there shall be no waste.

*Germany*—A decree of October 28, 1914, forbids the use of wheat and rye for feeding livestock. On January, 1915, this interdiction was extended to oats, except in the case of horses whose ration was fixed at one kilogram and a half per day. On January 25, 1915, a decree was issued requisitioning all stocks of wheat and rye, barley and oat meal. By a decree of June, 1916, the wheat and rye crops of 1916, and all supplies of flour were requisitioned, and on July 24 this measure was extended to barley and oats. On March 1, 1917, the imperial bureau of cereals ordered that 94 pounds of flour were to be obtained from every 100 pounds of wheat, and 84 pounds from every 100 pounds of rye. A decree of October 24, 1914, ordered that wheat bread was to contain at least 10 per cent of rye flour, and rye bread at least 5 per cent of potato flour. On January 5, 1915, the order was to mix 30 per cent rye flour in wheat bread and 10 to 30 per cent of potato flour in rye bread. The daily ration of bread was fixed in January, 1916, at 200 grammes per head. A decree of June 26, 1916, requires all townships of more than 40,000 inhabitants to collect all the kitchen waste and remainders from meals, such as broken bread, relics of vegetables, fruit, meat, fish, soup, sauce, potatoes, including skins, and to keep them in special boxes. A penalty of six months' imprisonment or fifteen hundred francs fine is provided for those who fail to collect such broken victuals or who steal them from the boxes provided for that purpose.

*Austria*—A decree of January 30, 1915, provides that the flour used in making bread must consist half of wheat or rye flour, and half of other farinaceous stuffs. A decree of Febru-

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\*Address given at the State Bankers' Convention, Provo, June 23, 1917.

ary 21, 1915, requisitioned all stocks of cereals and flour; a decree of June 21, 1915, requisitioned all the 1915 crops, and a decree of June 11, 1916, requisitioned all the crops of 1916. A decree of March 26, 1915, fixed the ration of bread and flour per inhabitant at 200 grammes per day, and introduced bread and flour cards.

*Hungary*—A decree of September 8, 1916, requisitioned all stocks of wheat, rye, barley, and oats, and on the 29th of September, 1916, this measure was extended to include maize. A decree of February 16, 1915, ordered that 50 per cent of maize flour or 25 per cent of potato flour was to be used in bread making.

*France*—A ministerial decree closed all confectioners' shops on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. A decree of February 9, 1917, forbids the sale of new bread.

*Italy*—A decree of February 21, 1917, orders that 90 pounds of flour shall be obtained from every 100 pounds of wheat. A decree of December 12, 1916, enacts restrictions on the consumption of food in hotels, pensions, restaurants, cafes, dairy-shops, etc., and forbids certain foods on certain days, limits the number of dishes which may be served, etc. A decree of March 10, 1917, forbids the sale of all cakes and confectionery. The following countries have fixed maximum prices for wheat: Germany, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, Russia, and Tunis.

*Great Britain and Ireland*—A government commission has the monopoly of importing and distributing in Great Britain and Ireland all foreign wheat, maize, and rice. Bread can only be sold when it is one day old. It is forbidden to use milk and sugar in baking bread. The food controller has fixed the ration of bread and flour at 4 pounds per inhabitant per week.

The world's food supply in 1916 was short. Wheat was 93 per cent normal in both hemispheres, and the total crop was 80 per cent of the preceding year. 1917 is undoubtedly below 1916. The world's acreage is not perceptibly larger, while the spring weather in many parts of the world was very unfavorable for crop production and there is no surplus left over from last year as was the case in 1916.

Utah has the best crop situation in the United States, and is ranked by the board of estimates of the government, as producing proportionately greater than any state in the Union, our 1917 crop being estimated 107.5 per cent. The average crop in America is only 95 per cent. From reports just received from the counties of Utah it is evident that we shall have the best crop in years. It is estimated that 150,000 to 200,000 new acres have been planted this year in Utah. There is a garden for every rural family. These gardens, over previous years, are much

increased in size and in quality. It appears possible if proper conservation methods are pursued that every small community in Utah will be able to ship car-loads of preserved products to those countries or districts of the world which need them so badly.

The greatest measure of thrift and agricultural development now needed in Utah is more and better livestock. In all but three counties in the State there is reported a decrease in livestock, not including poultry, in which there is a perceptible increase in most counties in the State. We are undoubtedly becoming very much in need of additional livestock. This is especially important in Utah because our scheme of agriculture, to be the most profitable, must include livestock as the basic factor. We have proved conclusively that specialized farming, limiting our production to one or two crops is not profitable. The largest incomes in the State are from sections devoted to raising of animals, which usually accompanies diversified agriculture. With our unusually good range and forage conditions this year, greater precaution should be taken by the farmer that livestock which we have are well taken care of during the summer and next winter. Upon bankers and other leading citizens, especially should be the responsibility of encouraging farmers to increase their herds, and to keep sufficient forage on hand to prevent the tremendous waste which occurred in Utah last winter. Probably the greatest single measure of saving in the State agriculturally can be effected through proper management and care of our livestock.

We have given too little attention to the prosperity of Utah farmers. Too often we have looked upon the farmer as a person from whom to obtain business, and to make profits. Indeed, examples are very common where skilful men have deliberately and consistently victimized the farmers. We are now coming to realize the suicidal nature of such a policy. To be sure, the farming business in Utah is thriving. Records just recently compiled by investigators at the College throughout Utah, indicate an earning capacity by the best farmers of from \$3,419 per year at Monroe to \$1,465 per year at Pleasant Grove, which earning does not include food raised on the farm and used by the family, and the use of the home, and does not include 5 per cent on the investment, which varies with the best farmers from \$18,000 in Monroe to \$8,000 in Ferron, which interest amounts to \$900 in Monroe, and \$400 in Ferron. The best farmers, therefore, made at Monroe in 1916, a total of \$4,819, allowing \$500 for board and lodging, and the best farmers made at Pleasant Grove \$2,515, allowing \$500 for board and lodging. In Monroe the earning capacity of the poorer farmers is \$104 per year, at Hyde Park \$11, at Pleasant Grove, minus \$60, at

Hinckley minus \$213, at Ferron, minus \$126, at Draper minus \$276, at Beaver minus \$189. Of 308 farms surveyed, the average income is \$845 during 1916, which is an increase of over 300 per cent over 1915. To this labor income should be added approximately \$450, which is 5 per cent interest on an average investment in the 308 farms of \$9,000, and \$500 for board and lodging, which brings the income to \$1,795. It will be seen from these figures that the variation from the average income of \$1,795 to the income of the best farmers in Monroe district, \$4,819, represents the possibility of very considerably increasing the wealth of the State of Utah by bringing the inefficient farmer up to the standard of the efficient farmer. The earnings on the 308 farms vary almost directly as the number and quality of livestock on the farm, the highest incomes coming to the farmers who have solved the problems of developing one or more strains of livestock. Taking into account the unusual conditions favorable in Utah, every person interested in the permanent welfare of the State should sanely lend his aid in the production of meat animals.

Furthermore the farmers engaged in the production of livestock tend to become very intelligent, and the system of farming involved in livestock, which involves a return of manure to the soil, presumes a more permanent agriculture than will otherwise be possible. We cannot exist in Utah prosperously for a long period of time unless we have a large number of livestock. They should be on every farm in Utah. Prof. Mark H. Greene, farm management expert at the College, who has gathered the data included in part above, summarizes the cause of low income by the farmers as follows:

1. The operation of small farms. The average labor income from small farms is meager and it gradually increases as the size of the farm is increased.

2. Poor managerial ability results in low returns. Upon the farmer quite as much as upon any other factor depends the efficiency of the farm organization and profits from farming.

3. A specialized type of farming, such as fruit farming, often results in low labor incomes where the cash crop is so uncertain or subject to so many changing conditions in the marketing of the product.

4. Poor crop yields.

5. A small investment in livestock.

6. The sale of feeds, rather than creating a market for the produce through the sale of livestock.

7. The farm as affected by poor topographic, climatic, soil conditions.

8. The farm distance from the market may greatly decrease the net returns.

9. Low net receipts per productive animal unit.
10. Too many horses on the farm.
11. The ownership of a great amount of unproductive land.
12. The operation of land that is overcapitalized, such as fruit land valued at \$400 or \$500 per acre.

*Measures of Thrift.*—The annual food waste in America is estimated to be seven billion dollars a year, a large amount of which is preventable. Some of the many things which should be done in Utah this year, and which are based upon experience of other countries with whom we are either at war or with whom we are allied in this greatest of all struggles, follow: Chemists should analyze the garbage of Salt Lake and Ogden in order to constantly keep before the people the tremendous amount of available food which finds its way into the garbage can. No glass, tin, wood, burnt matches, paper, string or other inorganic trash should be mixed with vegetable or animal waste. Garbage waste in Germany during the war, and Germany is proverbially thrifty far beyond America, furnish briquettes rich in protien, which produced from one and one-half to two million quarts of milk daily. American garbage is 3 per cent fat. Germany's garbage is less than 1 per cent fat, which gives an indication of probable waste in America per year.

The soil should be kept working all seasons by planting crops that can still be planted profitably. Save any surplus fruits and vegetables through canning and storing. Not only every producing home, but every community should now provide for clean and adequate storage for grains, potatoes and other crops. Every home should preserve much more than is needed by way of bottled fruit and vegetables to take care of the needs of the family. Especially should communities now take immediate action to see that elevators, granaries and bins are in shape to take care of the extremely important crops, wheat, beans and potatoes, which will soon be harvested in Utah. Food is wasted if it gets into the garbage pail, if it is allowed to spoil in the home, if ruined by careless cooking, or when too much is served at a meal. Our bread stuff supply may be increased one-twelfth, or eighteen million barrels of flour a year by milling our wheat so as to make 81 per cent of the kernel into flour instead of 73 per cent as at present. This 81 per cent flour would be as nutritious as what we now use. Our diet should be as largely vegetarian as possible. Meat is one of the most concentrated forms in which food occurs. The war may hinge upon our ability to put a large amount of meat at the disposal of our allies. War is still not a thorough reality to us. We still think that the cloud will pass without our home or our table being invaded, but unless the signs are wrong, we are embarked upon a long and gruelling struggle, in which every resource of the nation will

be drawn upon, and where our destiny as a free people may depend upon our ability to sacrifice. To be sure there may be circumstances not now known to us which may cause an early termination of the struggle. There are those who believe that the average American citizen, surfeited with comparative wealth and after years of ample and easy living is incapable of bending his energies to the hard task ahead. Those who know even a little of American history have read into that history as high a quality of idealism and of fortitude as the world possesses. We will measure up to the exactions of the present, and the immediate future no doubt, but in the meantime, until the awful spectre of war reaches into our homes, it is the part of wisdom to adopt such measures of economy as will insure a hurried establishment of justice and liberty in the world.

*Logan, Utah*

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### To a Meadow Lark

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Ere the gates of dawn are opened wide,  
 To let the day slip through,  
     Your voice you raise,  
     In matin praise,  
 Unwavering and true.

Your breast no gorgeous plumage boasts,  
 But with each flutt'ring beat  
     Of your glad heart,  
     There seems to start  
 A strength for faltering feet.

For while the world of weary man  
 Wrapped deep in slumber lies,  
     The wondrous note  
     Born of your throat,  
 Turns heavenward mine eyes.

O bird that shuns the busy mart,  
 And unsequestered road,  
     Your blithesome song,  
     The whole day long,  
 Hath eased full oft my load.

Sing, little creature of the air,  
 From morn 'til eve abide;  
     Know naught of fear,  
     While I am near  
 No ill shall you betide.

*Grace Ingles Frost.*



*Bishop Wm. O. Stephens and the Henefer M. I. A. Bee-Hive Girls who served the lunch to the boys.*

## Hike of 1917—Pioneer Trail

*By John D. Giles, Supt. Y. M. M. I. A. and Deputy Scout Commissioner  
Ensign Stake.*

To the M. I. A. Scouts of the Boy Scouts of America belongs the honor of having done more in recent years than any other organization to honor the Utah Pioneers and perpetuate the Pioneer Trail or "Emigrant Road," as it was familiarly known in early days. For six years the scouts and their leaders have honored the pioneers, and in modern scout fashion emulated the example of the pathfinders of the "Great American Desert."

Of the six annual pilgrimages made by the boy scouts over portions of the old "Mormon" trail none, except possibly the first, in 1912, was so filled with historic interest as the "hike" this year. Two incidents of the trip were of special importance from a historic standpoint, and will be recorded for the information of those who become interested in the Pioneer Trail. The first item of unusual importance was the visit of Church and scout officials to the point where the original trail enters the state of Utah from Wyoming, and where most likely the first of a series of monuments marking the trail will be placed. The second incident was the erection of a sign-board marking, as nearly as it is possible to determine, the spot where President

Brigham Young, the great pioneer leader, first beheld the valley of the Great Salt Lake, with his natural eyes, and made his now famous remark, "This is the place."

The 1917 hike, under the direction of Scout Commissioner Dr. John H. Taylor, began Saturday, July 21, and ended Tuesday, July 24. For the better



*John D. Giles standing by first monument put up by M. I. A. Scouts, in 1912, four and one-half miles from Henefer, on the first annual trip over the trail.*

part of four days the eighty-odd boys and their leaders traced the footsteps, sang the songs, and in a very much modernized manner lived the lives of the Pioneers. Through the courtesy of the Union Pacific, the pioneer railroad of the west, and with the approval of the newly created Public Utilities Commission, the boys were carried by train from Salt Lake on Saturday morning, July 21, to the little town of Henefer, in Weber Canyon, arriving there for a public meeting at the ward chapel at 11 o'clock. The good people of Henefer had arranged a very elaborate and interesting program of musical numbers, short talks, poems, etc., as a supplement to the address of Major B. H. Roberts, who was the principal speaker.

Previous to the meeting, Major Roberts had briefly pointed out to the scouts the route of the Pioneers from the mouth of Echo canyon to Henefer, and in his address he followed the course from that point to the Salt Lake Valley, describing, in an eloquent and instructive manner, the conditions prevailing in the country traversed, and the hardships encountered. The address also included an impressive tribute to the little pioneer band who led the way to the present "desert" empire, and their inspired leader, President Brigham Young. Following a dainty but substantial basket lunch, served by the girls of Henefer, on the town square, the scouts departed on the first leg of their journey. The trail, leaving Henefer, follows up Wash Creek through what the natives call "Dixie," past the immense reservoir in East Canyon (called ten-mile canyon in Pioneer days)



*The annual swim in the East Canyon Reservoir.*

to the junction of Taylor and East Canyon Creeks. At the reservoir a stop was made for the "annual bath" (some of the boys claimed it was semi-annual for them). Toward evening a detour, made necessary by the enlargement of the reservoir, was taken a short distance up Taylor Hollow, where the first camp was made. Every boy "checked in" on schedule time and, barring a slight delay in the arrival of the supply wagon, everything went off according to program.



*Ascending Little Mountain.*



*View of Reddings Cave and surrounding country.*

The following morning a short hike was made up East Canyon to Camp Clayton, established in 1912 and named for the Pioneer Wm. Clayton and his son, Col. N. W. Clayton. Here the plans for a quiet religious camp for Sunday were upset by the overturning of one of the supply wagons loaded to the guards with "grub." The efficiency of the teachings of scoutcraft was vindicated, time and again, in the events that followed. With the strictest discipline prevailing, the boys ap-



*Eating Lunch on the Utah-Wyoming Line. The fence marks the dividing line. Left to right: Hyrum C. Smith, George Albert Smith, John D. Giles and Dr. Taylor. Sitting: B. H. Roberts, G. A. Smith, Jr., Henry E. Giles.*

plied the things that scoutcraft had taught them, and not only was the wagon preserved intact and hauled by hand up a steep embankment, more than fifty feet, but practically all the food, including eggs, was recovered and distributed to the various units to the entire satisfaction of all concerned.

Sunday evening, around an immense bonfire, a typical scout program was carried out, including songs, stories, etc., and the distribution of candy.

Monday, July 23, was a day of especial interest. The scouts made an early start to make the ascent of "Big Mountain," from the summit of which the Pioneers caught their first glimpse of the Salt Lake Valley, and thence on to Camp Grant, in Mountain Dell fork of Parley's Canyon. During this part of the journey the scouts were placed under the direction of Charles H. Spencer, Jr., camp commandant and deputy scout



*Mouth of Emigration Canyon where sign has just been erected marking spot where Brigham Young made his now famous remark: "This is the place." Boy Scouts and others assembled for exercises incident to marking exact spot as nearly as can be determined.*

commissioner of Granite stake. Scout Commissioner Dr. John H. Taylor, accompanied by John D. Giles, deputy scout commissioner for Ensign stake, H. E. Giles, and John D. Giles, Jr., left the party at Camp Clayton and journeyed by auto (which had followed the trail from Henefer traversed seventy years before by oxtteams) to Echo, where a party consisting of Major B. H. Roberts, who had returned to Salt Lake after the meeting at Henefer, Elder George Albert Smith, Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith, George J. Cannon and George Albert Smith, Jr., fourth grand-

son of two of the original Pioneers, was met. Major Roberts took charge of the combined party and guided the way over the original trail which leaves the main highway near Castle Rock



*Just before reaching the summit of Big Mountain.*

to the point on Yellow Creek at the mouth of Coyote canyon, where the road crosses what is now the dividing line between the states of Wyoming and Utah. On the journey the party stopped at Reddings' Cave, a prominent land mark very clearly described in the journal of Orson Pratt as the point at which Elder Pratt's advance scouting party was formed. At the state line the party lunched upon what is probably the

exact point at which the trail crosses the state boundary. A careful survey was made of the landmarks and the surrounding country in order that the spot might easily be located in the future by members of the party.

The journey then led off the trail through the hills to Wasatch station, on the Union Pacific, at which point the Lincoln Highway was reached.

From Echo the highway was followed over the route later adopted by the Pioneers from Echo up Weber Canyon to Coalville, up Silver Creek canyon, through Parley's Park over the summit into Parley's canyon, and on to Mountain Dell, where the boy scouts were joined at Camp Grant, named in 1912 in honor of President Heber J. Grant. The boys were assembled around the evening bonfire, and after cheers for the visitors, brief talks were made by Major Roberts and Elders George A. Smith, Hyrum G. Smith and George J. Cannon. The journey of the day to the state line was described by Major Roberts, and each of the speakers in turn commended the boys for the good work in which they were engaged.

Tuesday morning, July 24, the hike was made over Little Mountain into Emigration canyon. Here the boys were met by a committee in autos and carried to the mouth of the canyon, to

the site of the sign marking the place where President Young, after viewing the valley some minutes in silence said, "It is enough. This is the right place." The party assembled at the place determined upon as being undoubtedly the point at which the now famous remark was made. The large sign board, con-



*Lunch time on the Pioneer Trail at mouth of Coyote Canyon, on Yellow Creek, at point where trail crosses Wyoming-Utah state line. Left to right: George Albert Smith, John D. Giles, Jr., Henry E. Giles, George Albert Smith IV, George J. Cannon, John H. Taylor (standing), Hyrum G. Smith, B. H. Roberts in right foreground.*

sisting of an upright with a cross-arm, was firmly planted, facing the valley. The inscription reads as follows: "This is the place—Brigham Young, July 24, 1847." Following the erection of the sign, Major Roberts addressed those assembled upon the historical significance of the spot which had just been marked, and expressed the hope that some day a substantial granite monument of suitable design would be erected to replace this simple and unpretentious sign board which marks the spot temporarily. He also read from the journal of Wilford Woodruff in whose wagon President Young was riding when this point was reached. After final instructions were given by Scout Commissioner Taylor, the troops "fell out," and the 1917 hike was a matter of history. The boys returned to their homes in autos, street cars, etc.

The trip was unquestionably one of the most successful and instructive scout hikes ever made by M. I. A. Scouts. The "First Aid" staff, in charge of Deputy Commissioner Claude C. Cornwall of Cottonwood stake, was almost lost sight of by reason of its lack of activity, the treatment of a snake-bite and a

few slight cuts and bruises being all they were called upon to do. Splendid discipline was maintained throughout, and every boy returned home without a serious mishap to mar the trip. Not a boy who was fortunate enough to be a member of the party will likely forget his experience and the valuable information gained concerning the Pioneers and the early days of the West.



*Just below the summit of Big Mountain.*

Here's a hope for more scout hikes, more honor to the brave Pioneers, more respect for the great Pioneer leader and his associates!

### *List of Participants*

Assistant Superintendent B. H. Roberts.—Board members: George Albert Smith, Hyrum G. Smith, George J. Cannon.

Scout officials: John H. Taylor, M. I. A. Scout commissioner; Chas. H. Spencer, Jr., deputy commissioner, Granite stake; John D. Giles, deputy commissioner, Ensign stake; Claude C. Cornwall, deputy commissioner, Cottonwood stake.

Visitors—Henry E. Giles, John D. Giles, Jr., George Albert Smith, Jr.

### *Granite Stake*

Miller Ward—W. R. Cook, Lyle Hogan, Lenard Walton, Forest Winchell, Eli LeCheminant, Harvey Nelson, Owen Walton, Owen Bringhurst Harrison Ball, Herman Johnson, Harry Chambers.

Forest Dale Ward—Allan Brockbank, Delbert Schrepel, James Burdette, Rolland Smith, Jack Freeze, Theo. Curtis, Howard Clark, Guy C. Wilson.

Waterloo Ward—Stellan Thedell (patrol leader), Clair Anderson, Brook L. Lamoreaux, George Nichols, Ernest Agutter, Adolph Dietz.

Parleys Ward—W. L. Thomson (scout master), Clifford Thomson, Ern-

est Thomson, Frank Thomson, Joseph White, Henry Taylor (patrol leader), Leslie Deyer, Lyro Pedrini, Robert Longson.

#### *Salt Lake Stake.*

Twenty-eighth Ward—Fredin Beesley (scout master), Mathew Haslam, Douglas Kingdon, Byron Bath, Clarence Gowan, Glen Hackwell.

Nineteenth Ward—Albert Molter, Phillip Davis.

Twenty-fourth Ward—Walter Arnold, Alfred Jordan, Robert Peterson.

#### *Liberty Stake*

Emigration Ward—Reed Vetterli, Jack Green, Charles Taylor, Owen Ensign, Hadley Hanks, Clyde Fagergren, Frank Randall, Donald Folsom.

Le Grande Ward—David J. Smith (patrol leader), Carlos J. Badger, Morris Ashton, Todd Broberg, Arthur Folkerson, Alton Melville.



*B. H. Roberts addressing Boy Scouts at point where Brigham Young made his now famous remark, "This is the place." Picture taken immediately after sign marking spot had been erected. Apostle George Albert Smith at extreme right.*

#### *Ensign Stake.*

Twenty-first Ward—E. B. Eldredge (scout master), Jack Hanes, Lawrence Abbott, Will Holding, Dick Wilks, Evan Giles, William Manley.

Twentieth Ward—Jack Nicholson (patrol leader), Mark Nicholson.

Eighteenth—Harvey Glade.

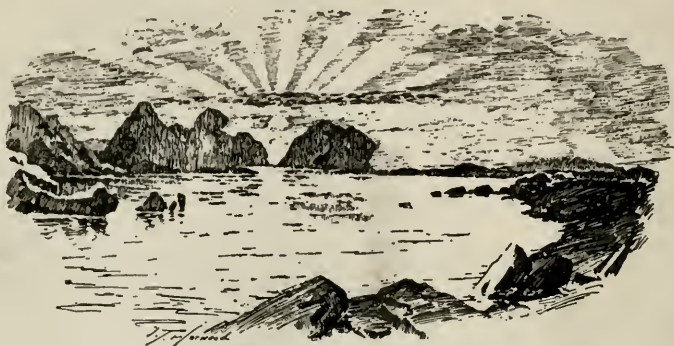
Ensign Ward—David S. Edwards (scout master), Arthur Bleasdale, Kenneth Bywater, Ray White, Ambros Higham, Ernest Hagen, Wilford Hagen, Reed Rollo, Ralph Rich, David Edwards, Henry Edwards, Ben Knight.

#### *Cottonwood Stake.*

Winder—Vinal Casper (patrol leader), Howard Gunderson, Elliot Cooley.



*B. H. Roberts pointing out Echo Canyon to Boy Scouts who are about to leave for hike over Pioneer trail from Henefer to Salt Lake.*



## Autumn

Paragraphs from "Our Inland Sea"

*Alfred Lambourne*

A mighty drowsiness is on the land. The Harvest Moon—the Indians' Moon of Falling Leaves—has supplanted the Moons of Fire. Dream-like has become my island. Ruddy, like a weary and belated sun, comes up the Autumn moon, and like a vast Koh-i-noor, the sun itself is blurred and yellow. Haze-enwrapped are the distant Wasatch Mountains; through deepening shades of saddened violet, the Onaqui Range lapses into melancholia. The western headlands, the jutting promontories, appear as if cut from dim, orange crepe, or maroon-colored velvet. Wistful and vague stand the peaked islands, and shell-like is the gleam of the outstretched brine.

One more turn and the present richness of the time will be gone. In the heavens there is a transfiguration, and the transfiguration extends to earth! Always there

are the same great stretches of water around this solitary island, always the same dreary and monotonous hills; ever the same strange walls of rock and ever the same wild peaks in clustered multitudes. But how the seasons and the great sun play with them! They are ever the same, yet never the same; eternal yet evanescent, playthings with time and the elements.

Autumn is to the seasons as twilight to the day. Both work a similar effect upon the mind. In autumn all the splendor of the sunset skies lies on the woods. But, ah! it must be confessed, it wants in spirituality. It no longer makes us think of the Cherubim, the wings of archangels, but rather of the earthly garments of prelates and kings.

Now comes the end of Autumn. The last cold rain has frozen as it fell. In sheets and ice-embossings it gleams on the island rocks. There is a tone of menace, a moan-like sound in the wind. Long since the old, and the gray-winged gulls have flown. From out the sky, and softened by distance, there falls the dissonant clang of migratory geese. Once more I hear, a sound to stir the blood as one listens, the trumpet call of the southward-flying swan.



# A League to Enforce Peace\*

By *Ira N. Hayward*

The proposal for a League to Enforce Universal Peace is an outgrowth of the present world war. For some time before 1914, many thinking men and women saw the desirability of



*Ira N. Hayward*

bringing about a state of international amity, but for the most part they regarded this as a state of affairs to be achieved by some future generation, whose ideals might be higher and whose morals better than those of the present day. The awful cataclysm which began with that year, and which has continued with increasing frightfulness up to the present time, has opened the eyes of these people to the pressing necessity of hastening the day of Universal Peace as rapidly as possible, in order to preserve our civilization from the devastating effects of a similar occurrence.

This awakening has turned the attention of many of the world's greatest think-

ers to the task of evolving definite machinery for insuring world peace, and perhaps the plan that has received the most general endorsement is that of a League to Enforce Universal Peace. This league would involve a two-fold mechanism:

*First*, it is proposed to establish an international court to determine the right in disputes between nations; and,

*Second*, it is proposed to merge the military organizations of the various nations, forming an international police force.

The last of these two proposals may present very few practical difficulties. It is not unreasonable to assume that when this

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\*The speech which took first place in the Grand Finals, M. I. A. Public Speaking contest, June, 1917

war is over the important nations of the world, debt-ridden and war-weary, will be willing, and perhaps eager, to relieve themselves of the burdens of supporting powerful individual armies and navies in competition with other nations. Regarding the proposal for an international court, however, it must be said frankly that this phase of the problem is by no means so simple, for an international court, in order in any way to be satisfactory must base its decisions upon a commonly accepted code of international law—a code satisfactory, in the main, to all of the nations comprising the organization. Since no code actually exists today, it would have to be enacted; and right here I think it can be seen, from a brief investigation, that this point presents some very practicable obstacles to the consummation of a League to Enforce Universal Peace. The laws of any society are merely a crystallization of those principles which experience has taught society to regard as necessary to its well-being. They are based on that society's conception of moral right.

In other words, the question of whether or not a common code of laws may be successfully applied to peoples widely separated geographically, and having a great variety of material interests, depends upon whether or not the sense of morality existing among the peoples is fundamentally the same; and also—equally important—upon their willingness to abandon their minor, selfish or individual ambitions for the sake of the common good.

Here it is that practical difficulties in the way of a Universal Peace League make their appearance. For proof, consider the conditions that led up to the beginning of the Great War. Back of the events of the summer of 1914, the true student of history sees a deeper and more fundamental cause than the assassination of the Austrian heir-apparent. He sees ancient grievances and hereditary hatreds, he sees egoism, and the selfish ambitions of individuals and nations—aye, he sees life philosophies so fundamentally divergent as to make conflicts of a terrible nature inevitable; and in these conditions,—factors that go to make up the foreign policies of nations—he sees not only the causes of the present war but the seeds which, unless entirely uprooted, must inevitably produce a terrible harvest of future wars.

Such, my friends, are the actual conditions. In view of their fundamental nature we can readily appreciate the difficulties that must be encountered in the task of establishing for the League to Enforce Peace a code of international laws satisfactory to all the nations concerned.

Today, in spite of our development and progress, in spite of our boasted civilization, the only code of international law that has been evolved is entirely subject to the principle that might makes right, and there is absolutely no provision for protecting

the weak from the strong, which any powerful nation feels obligated to respect.

And these conditions, my friends, are not the result of mere chance; they have their bases in the life philosophies of the people who make up the various nations: "As a man thinketh," says the Scripture, "so is he," and, "Out of the heart are the issues of life."

For centuries the peoples of the world have imbued their systems of national thought with the principles of individualism; the result is the present awful holocaust of the world's manhood. There can be no such thing as a common code of laws, based on a common sense of moral right, until the world at large, or at least a determinant part of the world at large, has imbued its philosophy of life, aye the whole thought of its people, with the idea that under no circumstances must the ambitions of individuals or of nations be allowed to interfere with the welfare of humanity at large.

This, then, is the situation with which the world must cope before it may realize its noble desires for a League to Enforce Universal Peace. In what way may this be done more satisfactorily than through the medium of religion? A desire for some form of religious experience seems to be almost universal; it seems to be inherent in the vast majority of men. And a man's religion is his philosophy of life; or, as a modern writer has said, "a man is changed into a semblance of the God he worships." If, then, a majority of the men and women of the world can be persuaded to embrace a religion based upon the highest principles of human welfare and correct conduct, it will be possible then to establish that satisfactory code of international law upon which the Peace League so largely depends.

It must be remembered, however, that the only religion that can be recommended safely, for such a purpose, must be a religion of such a nature as to admit absolutely of no reasonable exceptions to its principles. It must be an absolute and unfailing guide to proper moral conduct, and it must be based on principle so eternally right as to meet all of the changing conditions of human progress.

This world knows but one such religion, and that is the religion that came to earth nearly two thousand years ago, having for its author the Son of God, the Prince of Peace. Christianity, my friends, is the religion that bears the hope of universal peace. It is the perfect system, for it had its origin in the mind of God. Christianity is the religion of Universal Peace, because it teaches the only doctrine upon which such a condition may be achieved: the doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man under the universal Fatherhood of God.

Christianity justifies the hope that its principles will ulti-

mately bring about universal peace, because its whole history has been marked by the breakdown of one after the other of the old oppressions and injustices, and by the gradual progress of humanity toward a more ideal state. It must indeed be admitted that much of this progress has resulted in almost unbearable suffering. Indeed, Christ himself said that for a time, at least, he brought "not peace but the sword," yet it cannot be denied that wherever Christianity has been taught and acknowledged, humanity has been without exception elevated to a state nearer the ideal.

But let us not ignore another fundamental fact—the Christianity that is capable of insuring Universal Peace must be wholly free from the man-made inconsistencies that have turned so many thinking men and women away from the most common of the so-called Christian religions of today. It must embody the teachings of Christ in their original purity and completeness. It must, in short, be the true gospel of Christ.

That gospel is on the earth today, a living witness of God's goodness to man, as manifested through Joseph Smith, the Latter-day prophet. Our parents, yours and mine, braved hardships and persecution; aye, and in many instances gave up their lives in order to preserve that precious boon for us. Let us, no matter what temptations may arise, stand steadfastly true to the traditions of such ancestry.

Today men are struggling like beasts in blood-drenched trenches, simply because, with all the efforts of the so-called teachers of Christ men have not yet learned of "His ways that they might walk in His paths."

Today on every hand starvation and misery stand side by side with opulence and luxury, simply because men have not yet learned fully the principle of service "even unto the least of these my brethren."

Today crime and lust stalk abroad in the land, destroying innocence and virtue. The Latter-day Saints are in possession of that living light which the world in darkness needs so sorely. The gospel of Jesus Christ, born of the travail of hardship and persecution, has been granted to us as a sacred trust. By living lives worthy of it, and of the noble men and women who trudged barefoot across the desert wastes to found a sanctuary for its truths in these mountain fastnesses, we and our descendants may be found worthy to impart to the world those principles that herald in very deed, "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

*Paris, Idaho.*

# Temple Ordinances Essential

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*By D. M. McAllister, Chief Recorder of the St. George Temple*

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A compilation of reasons why members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints should receive temple ordinances in their own behalf, and perform the same in behalf of their kindred dead, is here submitted as worthy of serious consideration.

The statements quoted are exclusively taken from revelations imparted to the Church through the Prophet Joseph Smith, or from his inspired teachings, consequently all members of that Church, who have not yet availed themselves of the sacredly important privileges, blessings and obligations associated with temple ordinances, should unhesitatingly accept the statements as divine truths, and conform thereto when possible.

All faithful members of the Church, over sixteen years of age, may participate in the ordinances for which they are eligible, in the House of the Lord; and the Church authorities are desirous and pleased to issue recommends for that purpose to all who are worthy.

The four temples already erected in Utah provide opportunity for the members of the Church gathered here to engage in the sacred ceremonies for which they have been built. The presiding authorities are mindful also of the interests of the Saints in other states and countries in this very important matter, and have commenced the erection of temples outside of Utah, so that those who can not, conveniently, come here may not be without opportunity to receive the blessings and privileges obtainable in such consecrated edifices.

Provision has been made by which faithful members of the Church, who have died, or may yet die, without having received the temple ordinances in life, can have that sacred work done for them vicariously, when application is made therefor by the presidents of the missions where they resided. So, also, the Saints residing in missions, or at a long distance from any of the temples, whose circumstances are such that they can not personally engage in performing ordinances in behalf of their kindred dead, may now, under arrangements that presidents of missions are authorized to make for them, have that work done by proxies engaged for the purpose, in St. George temple.

The presiding authorities of the Church have thus, as far as possible, provided means for all the Saints to accomplish this

great and important duty of temple work, therefore none may be excused for neglecting it.

In a discourse delivered by the Prophet Joseph Smith a short time before his martyrdom, he said:

“What was the object of gathering the Jews, or the people of God in any age of the world? \* \* \* The main object was to build unto the Lord a House whereby he could reveal unto his people the ordinances of his house and the glories of his kingdom, and teach the people the way to salvation; for there are certain ordinances and principles that when they are taught and practiced, must be done in a place or house built for that purpose. \* \* \* It is for the same purpose that God gathers his people in the last days, to build unto the Lord a house to prepare them for the ordinances and endowments, washings and anointings, etc. \* \* \* and it was the reason why Jesus said unto the Jews, ‘How oft would I have gathered thy children together even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.’”

The essentiality of temple ordinances for the living and the dead is further forcibly stated in the following words of the Prophet:

“All men who become heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ will have to receive the fulness of the ordinances of his kingdom; and those who will not receive all the ordinances will come short of the fulness of that glory, if they do not lose the whole.”

The Saints will understand that the *fulness* of the ordinances necessarily includes the temple ordinances.

Here is a wonderful statement, by the same authority, which conclusively demonstrates the need for all men to receive the temple ordinances:

“If a man gets a fulness of the Priesthood of God, he has got to get it in the same way that Jesus Christ obtained it, and that was by keeping all the commandments and obeying all the ordinances of the house of the Lord.”

Only a true prophet of God could make known such a great and important fact as that. The New Testament history relates the obedience of Messiah to the ordinance of baptism, but makes no mention of his having received all the other ordinances which were essential, even to *his* complete attainment of divine authority. But, the forty days of his sojourn in the wilderness, when he was ministered unto by heavenly beings, or the time when Moses and Elijah were with him on the mount, would provide ample opportunity for the performance of all essential ceremonies in his behalf.

The 128th section of the Doctrine and Covenants should be familiarly known to all Latter-day Saints, affecting as it does their eternal welfare. It makes absolutely clear to our understanding that the dead “without us can not be made perfect;

neither can we without our dead be made perfect." The perfect condition referred to is thus described:

"A whole and complete and perfect union, and welding together of dispensations, and keys, and powers, and glories should take place, and be revealed from the days of Adam even to the present time; and not only this, but those things which never have been revealed from the foundation of the world, but have been kept hid from the wise and prudent, shall be revealed unto babes and sucklings in this the dispensation of the fulness of times."

This divine and glorious purpose is to be accomplished by performance of the prescribed ordinances in God's temple, "My Holy House which my people are always commanded to build unto my Holy Name."

The most sacred relationship of husband, wife, and children is made perpetual and eternal, as God designed it should be (not limited to the earthly life only, as man decrees), and is made possible only in the celestial order of marriage as performed, by divine authority, in God's Holy Temple. That heavenly truth is revealed in Section 132 of the Doctrine and Covenants, part of which reads as follows:

"And again, verily I say unto you, if a man marry a wife by my word, which is my law, and by the new and everlasting covenant, and it is sealed unto them by the Holy Spirit of promise, by him who is anointed, unto whom I have appointed this power, and the keys of this Priesthood; and it shall be said unto them, ye shall come forth in the first resurrection; and if it be after the first resurrection, in the next resurrection; and shall inherit thrones, kingdoms, principalities, and powers, dominions, all heights and depths—then shall it be written in the Lamb's Book of Life, that he shall commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, and if ye abide in my covenant, and commit no murder whereby to shed innocent blood, it shall be done unto them in all things whatsoever my servant has put upon them, in time, and through all eternity, and shall be of full force when they are out of the world; and they shall pass by the angels, and the Gods, which are set there, to their exaltation and glory in all things, as hath been sealed upon their heads, which glory is a fulness and a continuation of the seeds for ever and ever. Then shall they be Gods, because they have no end; therefore shall they be from everlasting to everlasting, because they continue; then shall they be above all, because all things are subject unto them. Then shall they be gods, because they have all power, and the angels are subject unto them."

Another statement made by the Prophet, in this connection was, "When a seal is put upon the father and mother, it secures their posterity, so that they cannot be lost, but will be saved by virtue of the covenant of the father and mother." This sealing and covenant is a part of the temple ordinance:

"The question is frequently asked, 'Can we not be saved without going through with all these ordinances, etc.?' I would answer, No, not the fulness of salvation. Jesus said, 'There are many mansions in my Father's house,

and I will go and prepare a place for you.' 'House' here named should have been translated kingdom; and any person who is exalted to the highest mansion has to abide a celestial law, and the whole law, too."

"There are many mansions for those who obey a celestial law, and there are other mansions for those who come short of the law, every man in his own order."

Concerning the vitally important duty of the Saints to perform temple ordinances in behalf of their dead kindred, there are a great many revelations, and sayings of the Prophet that might be quoted. A few selections follow:

"Every man that has been baptized and belongs to the kingdom has a right to be baptized for those who have gone before; and as soon as the law of the gospel is obeyed here by their friends who act as proxy for them, the Lord has administrators there to set them free."

"This doctrine presents in a clear light the wisdom and mercy of God in preparing an ordinance for the salvation of the dead, being baptized by proxy, their names recorded in heaven, and they judged according to the deeds done in the body. This doctrine was the burden of the scriptures. Those Saints who neglect it in behalf of their deceased relatives, do it at the peril of their own salvation."

"It is not only necessary that you should be baptized for your dead, but you will have to go through all the ordinances for them, the same as you have gone through for yourselves. There will be 144,000 Saviors on Mount Zion, and with them an innumerable host that no man can number. Oh, I beseech you to go forward, go forward and make your calling and election sure."

"But how are they to become Saviors on Mount Zion? By building their temples, erecting their baptismal fonts, and going forth and receiving all the ordinances, baptisms, confirmations, washings, anointings, ordinations, and sealing powers upon their heads, in behalf of all their progenitors who are dead, and then redeem them that they may come forth in the first resurrection, and be exalted to thrones of glory with them; and herein is the chain that binds the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the children to the fathers, which fulfils the mission of Elijah."

"What is this office and work of Elijah? It is one of the greatest and most important subjects that God has revealed. He should send Elijah to seal the children to the fathers, and the fathers to the children. I wish you to understand this subject, for it is important; and if you will receive it, this is the spirit of Elijah, that we redeem our dead, and connect ourselves with our fathers which are in heaven, and seal up our dead to come forth in the first resurrection; and here we want the power of Elijah to seal those who dwell on earth to those who dwell in heaven. This is the power of Elijah and the keys of the kingdom of Jehovah."

"The Saints have not too much time to save and redeem their dead, and gather together their living relatives, that they may be saved also, before the earth will be smitten, and the consumption decreed falls upon the world."

A highly important matter, in connection with this duty of attending to temple ordinances in behalf of the dead, is that each one of the dead thus officiated for should be properly identified by the record. Each must be singled out from all other individuals bearing the same name; that can best be done in the method prescribed by the temple authorities. The great

importance of the record is fully explained in section 124 of the Doctrine and Covenants, wherein it is stated that, "Whatsoever you record on earth, shall be recorded in heaven; and whatsoever you do not record on earth, shall not be recorded in heaven; for out of the books shall your dead be judged." Also, "And as are the records on earth in relation to your dead, which are truly made out, so also are the records in heaven."

The Saints should make themselves familiar with the printed instructions issued by the temple authorities, relating to the proper preparation of those records, etc.

The Genealogical Society of Utah has been organized under direction of the First Presidency of the Church, to assist the members in procuring information concerning their ancestors and relatives, and to properly arrange that information for temple work.

"Brethren, shall we not go on in so great a cause? Go forward and not backward. Courage, brethren; and on, on to the victory. Let your hearts rejoice, and be exceeding glad. Let the earth break forth into singing. Let the dead speak forth anthems of eternal praise to the King Immanuel, who hath ordained before the world was, that which would enable us to redeem them out of their prison; for the prisoners shall go free. \* \* \* Let us therefore, as a Church and a people, and as Latter-day Saints, offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness, and let us present in His Holy Temple a book containing the records of our dead, which shall be worthy of all acceptance."

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## A Goal

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To seek the stricken dreams of calmer days,  
While vats of darkness smear immortal skies;  
To know on man and God the burden lies  
To bear the bleak confusion of dismays;  
To see the unseen and eternal ways  
Beyond the trodden spirit's sickly cries—  
And then to pledge with loyal hearts and eyes  
To clear our visioned vistas of Death's maze.

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Let me retreat to innate man and call  
Him from his darkened shell apart;  
The breath of truth and hope shall make my heart  
A laboratory, Light to disenthral—  
The Light of love in God, and God in all;  
The far fruition of our earthly part;  
The vital goal of Earth's divine cohort—  
For love is life and Life is all in all.

*G. Gilbert Meldrum.*

# Tendrilla

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*By Nephi Anderson*

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He wore a celluloid collar and a ready-made tie; these only on Sundays; don't think for a moment that he encumbered himself with these adornments on workdays; a soft woolen shirt and overalls answered every weekday purpose.

The nice details of Stephen Hall's dress occupied very little of his time. He followed unconsciously the custom of the men and boys about him. Polepatch, at this time, was a long way from any railroad, and as far as fine linen is concerned, the modern steam laundry had not introduced it to the farmers and ranchers of that remote settlement.

Stephen Hall was the oldest of a family of six. Ten of his twenty-seven years had been spent in and about Polepatch, working with his father to develop the ranch and farm, which were now in a fair way to bring returns. A big, strong man was Stephen, broad of shoulders and long of legs. A mop of nut-brown hair curled about his tanned forehead. His teeth were even and white. His face resembled that of his patient, hard-working, saintly-looking mother.

Stephen was president of the Polepatch Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association. This position of trust and responsibility indicated the bishop's opinion of the young man. Stephen was one of the boys, but not one with the rougher ones. He was a promising young man, said the bishop. The only fault he found with him was that he was not married.

The question of marriage had not as yet seriously occupied Stephen's time nor attention. He had dreamed his boy dreams, of course, and some of the girls in and about Polepatch had figured in these dreams. There was Mary who lived over the Ridge. Five years ago he had imagined he was in love with her, but he laughed at that now. He had taken out Susie, his next door neighbor, a few times, until Jack Thompson, from a ranch farther west, like another young Lochinvar, had literally carried her off as his own. Then for a time he had looked fondly at Jennie, she with black hair and blacker eyes, he thought; but she had "turned him down" at a dance, and so he never went back. The fact was, Stephen Hall was not a "ladies' man." He had no tact with the girls. He was a little slow, somewhat deliberate, and lacked the dash which seems to captivate the young female mind.

For the past year Stephen had not bothered any of the girls in Polepatch, in the way of trying to keep steady company with them. When his friends joked him on his confirmed bachelor state, he laughed and said he was kept too busy with his Mutual work to think about girls.

"There's time enough yet," he replied to Mrs. Jones who was one of the frequent callers. "This working in double harness isn't always what it's 'cracked up to be.'"

"But you're getting along, Steve; you're getting out of the notion, I can see that, an' that's the danger."

Stephen showed his white teeth goodnaturedly. "What do you think about it, mother?" he appealed.

The mother only smiled. To her he was only a boy yet, and she was in no hurry to turn him over to some giddy girl and untried heart. That is what she thought when she looked up into his handsome face.

And thus things went evenly along with Stephen Hall until he met Miss Tendrilla Brown. Then there came an upheaval and a change.

It came about in this way: at the close of the season's Mutual work, there was a big meeting at Polepatch. To attend this meeting there came visitors from the city, a brother to represent the young men, and Miss Tendrilla Brown to represent the young ladies. Stephen Hall drove his best team to the station, thirteen miles away, to meet the visitors and take them to the Polepatch meetinghouse. Miss Brown chose to sit on the front seat with the driver. It was an early spring morning. The sun shone warm from a clear sky. The cottonwoods by the creek and the willows by the ditch-bank filled the air with the odor of bursting buds. The grass was greening the warmer uplands. It was a joy to be out in such a day, especially out in the big, open country.

Miss Brown chatted pleasantly with the driver. She was full of questions regarding the country, the water supply, the crop prospects, and other matters of local interest. She smiled into the good-natured face by her side. Stephen's heart burned with a soft, sweet flame. He answered her questions intelligently, and before they arrived at the meetinghouse, he had completely found and controlled his halting tongue. To his great relief, this girl was not a bit "citified." She made him feel at his ease, and ere he was aware, he found his eyes wandering from the road and horses to the face beside him.

At the meeting that evening, Sister Brown was the principal speaker. The work of the young men was practically completed, but the girls had some summer work planned which the speaker was to explain: and she did this in a splendid way. Stephen Hall listened to the rich, full voice of the girl, and fol-

lowed her talk. Because of his position as Ward President, he sat on the stand, but he managed to get a side view of the speaker, so that he could see the play of emotion in her face as she warmed to her theme. She was not pretty, as Alice and Nellie and Ruth were pretty, but there seemed to be a soul quality shining through her face which made her beautiful. Never had he been so impressed; never had he seen just such a face; never had he heard just such a voice.

After the meeting, Stephen had a feeling that he wanted, above all things, to be with Tendrilla Brown. He even had a foolish heartache when he thought that this first time was perhaps the last time he would see her. She, of course, would go back to her life in the city. What she did there, he had not learned. Yes, she would go back, and as far as she was concerned, her experience at Polepatch would be only one of her many similar experiences.

But early next morning Stephen was to take her back to the train. That thought was with him during the night when he was not asleep.

That Monday morning Stephen did not put on his overalls as usual. He dressed himself in his Sunday best. He examined his celluloid collar. He would surely have to buy a new one. Then he spent an unusually long time over his unruly hair; he blacked his boots. A younger member of the family saw this last performance and commented on the oddity of blacking one's boots on Monday morning instead of on Sunday morning, or Saturday night; but Stephen only whistled softly to himself.

On that return drive, he promised himself, he was going to carry on his share of the conversation; but alas, Tendrilla Brown slid into the back seat beside the visiting Young Men's missionary, and left the driver to himself. Very little was said between seats, and it seemed that the driver was that morning in a hurry to get rid of his passengers, so that he could go back to work. So the horses were urged into a rapid gait. At the station, the two missionaries thanked their driver very warmly for the pleasant visit they had enjoyed, and then Stephen turned to drive back. He had not even alighted, but sat in his seat holding the horses while the two climbed out. Tendrilla came up to the front wheel and extended her gloved hand up to him.

"Goodby, and thank you very much," she said.

"Well, goodby," he replied, taking her hand, "I'm glad you had a good time."

"I'm coming again sometime. You have a splendid lot of young people at Polepatch. Take good care of them."

"We'll do our best."

"And when you come to the city, don't forget to call."

"Thank you, I—where do you live?"

She took a card from her handbag and handed it to him. "There's the address—now don't forget."

"No; I won't."

"Goodby; we'll not keep you. The train will be along in a few minutes."

The train arrived while he was yet waiting. She waved her hand at him from the car window.

As has already been said, from that date Stephen Hall was a changed man. Something completely new, something sweetly strange, something that made his heart burn and ache had come into his life. He went about his work as usual, and he tried to hide what had come to him from all prying eyes. He succeeded in this very well, except in the case of his mother. She saw, surmised, but was silent. Her heart ached for him. Had the city lady been tampering with the affections of her boy? Had she aroused in him foolish hopes? She knew full well that no matter how good this city girl may be, her boy was a country boy, and as such there was a gulf, fixed by social custom, between them.

The spring work was on in full force. There was plowing and drilling and fence repairing and ditch-digging. From early morning until late in the evening, Stephen worked. Oh, how he did work! He had superhuman strength for his tasks. At his meals, he was quieter than usual. He even omitted his customary after-dinner frolic with his younger brothers and sisters. He remained no longer than necessary in the house. He felt better out in the fields.

A month of hard work went by, and then Stephen took stock of himself. Had he gotten over his foolishness, his silly thoughts and feelings about this city girl? He examined himself closely, but he had to admit that he had not: she was still with him. His reason told him how utterly useless it would be for him, a common country boy, to ever think of winning for a wife Miss Tendrilla Brown. Why, she was as much above him as the heavens are above the earth. Still she persisted in his vision, a dear, sweet girl, angelic in her purity and goodness and qualities of soul. Tendrilla, Tendrilla, why even the name was new and strange and different! Behind the plow, on the rumbling wagon, he repeated the name softly to himself.

One morning at the breakfast table his father said that he would have to go to the city for some machine repairs. He disliked to lose the best part of two days for this, but he had put the trip off as long as he could.

"Why not let Stephen go," suggested the mother.

"That wouldn't help matters any," replied the father, "as

far as work is concerned. Steve can beat me now. He's getting an extra move on himself these days."

"Yes; and the trip to town would be a rest for him—he needs it," said the mother.

Stephen looked up at his mother, with a fast-beating heart. What did she mean, what did she know? He would see *her* in the city. Yes, and seeing her, would perhaps cure him. It might be worth while. But did he want to be cured? Yes, and no. Might he not just keep on loving her in silence? But what if she has a beau! She might even be engaged. Such a fine girl very likely would be. If he went to the city, he could learn the cold, hard, killing truth, and then it would be all over. But did he want it to be over?

"I—I don't think I can go, mother. Father had better go."

And so the very next day the father did go to the city, while the son went to the distant cedar hills for a load of wood to replenish the fast disappearing wood-pile. Even Polepatch contained too many people for him that day. He wanted to get away from people to a place where he would be alone with his heart and with nature. Away up in the cedar hills he worked until it was time to eat his noon-day lunch, and then before he ate he kneeled on a bed of cedar needles and asked his heavenly Father for help and guidance.

It was late when he arrived home with his load. After supper, his mother handed him a letter. It had the city postmark on it. With beating heart, he opened it. It was a call for him to go to Great Britain on a mission!

After carefully reading the letter, he handed it to his mother. She gave a little gasp, looked up to her son, and then tears trickled down her face.

"What is it, mother?" asked the other children. "What's it about?"

"I'm called on a mission," said Stephen.

"Called on a mission!"

There was a general craning of necks over this wonderful letter, questions and exclamations, "Are you going?" they asked.

"Going? Of course, I'm going."

"When?"

"Just as soon as they want me. The spring work is about done, and you boys can take care of the rest. You're big enough, goodness knows."

Here was the immediate answer to his prayers. He would go on this mission, across the ocean to Great Britain. He would lose himself and his foolish troubles in his work of preaching the gospel. Yes, he would go, the sooner the better.

The father, a believer in accepting calls for missions when they come, had no objections to Stephen's going right away. He

wanted all his boys to go on missions, and it was time a beginning was made by the oldest. So a letter was dispatched stating that Stephen would be ready within a month, or sooner if necessary.

*(To be concluded in the October number)*

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## What the Russians Suffer

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*By Dr. Joseph M. Tanner*

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To all the world the uprising in Russia came as something wholly unexpected. It was generally believed that autocracy had so fastened itself upon the life of that country that it would be impossible to produce a revolution. Revolutions are produced very generally by certain well-defined causes. In this case, the revolution, although it was the outgrowth of years, was touched off by a simple process of famine. Russia had great quantities of grain and other food-stuffs stored away in the different parts of the land. Notwithstanding this abundant supply of the necessities of life, the people were suffering for want of something to eat.

What was the trouble? it may be asked. It was the trouble of hunger and maladministration. The railroads were tied up, the elevators were locked, and the bad administrators of the country were doing all that they could to hamper the movements of the armies at the front; and, as a matter of course, the people in the cities had to suffer. To stop the means of transportation of food to the soldiers meant the hunger of the civilians. That was the immediate cause of Russia's revolution.

When once it was started, the unexpected again happened. The soldiers went over to the revolutionists. The soldiers had long felt that there was treachery in high places in Russia. The emperor had appointed men who could not be trusted, whose sympathies were German. When Sturmer became their prime minister, people naturally wondered why a man with a German name should be appointed to that high office, but the fact is the Empress of Russia wrought so great an influence over her husband. Perhaps her great influence was turned in favor of the country of her birth. Sturmer did not last long, and there was placed at the head of the transportation of the country Protapoff, who proved himself equally treacherous to the interest of the people. When these disadvantages were met by the soldiers who were in a position to know what disadvantage he put

them at, and also when they realized that it meant the loss of hundreds of thousands of those who were fighting for the Allies, they turned themselves over to the interests of the revolution and thus completed what was begun, but what it was feared, because of the position they would take, could not be carried out.

When once the revolution had been effected, the unexpected again happened. A council of workmen and soldiers was called, which proved to be a dominating factor in settling the requirements of the revolutionists. They are called the Committee, whatever that may mean. But at the bottom of all Russia's troubles, there is that outstanding complaint which the people of that country have long made, and which has affected their lives very greatly. That is the matter of social injustice. Perhaps there is no country in the world where social inequality is greater, but if it were merely a matter of social inequality, it could be endured there as it is endured in our own land, but it is also a question of social injustice. The station in life which a man occupies in that country has so much to do with his livelihood, so much to do with everything that relates to his conveniences in the world, that he feels the distinction very keenly, and today one of the things against which the Russians are revolting is the great distinction made in matters of justice, of finance. It is also a question of corruption in high circles, for the rich there are extremely rich, and the poor are degradingly poor. Russia has today perhaps the greatest economic problem in the world to solve. What we are permitted to know of the revolution is such as the aristocratic classes of Russia are willing to give us. They would have us believe that things are very different from what they are—that all this is a question of carrying on the war, that the trouble will be ended as soon as the soldiers come together and decide upon a policy that shall unite the fighting forces of Russia against the common foe. The people, the masses, the so-called proletariat, however, are not so much concerned even about the outcome of the war (for most of them are willing to die) as they are about the injustice under which they are living today. Remember that those who are the head and front of this great revolution are themselves aristocrats through their possession of wealth. They are not altogether satisfactory to the great masses, and they have to demonstrate that their hearts, their interests, are with the proletariat in that country before they shall eventually gain the confidence of the people.

The question, in Russia, therefore, is the great economic problem. This problem is one that is not only affecting Russia, but a problem that is engaging the most serious attention of the leading men in the most advanced nations of the world today.

# Whistle a Merry Tune

A Whistling Chorus for Junior Boys.

EVAN STEPHENS.

1. Should you feel as if everything's go - ing wrong, And  
2. Should you feel as if everything's growing old, And  
3 You may charm all about like the flow'rs of spring, And

The first system of musical notation consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. It contains a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

life isn't worth half a common song, Try to gather to-  
friends and the world are be - coming cold, You may charm back the  
cause all around you to smile and sing, You may turn many

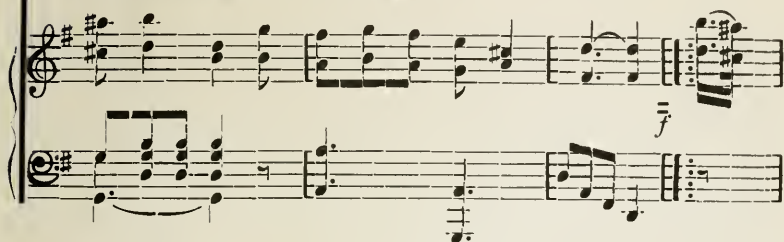
The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the 6/8 time signature and F# key signature.

gether your frowning lips, And snap both together your  
sunshine and joy of life, By whit-ting a stick with your  
sor-row-ful nights to day, And brighten your path as you

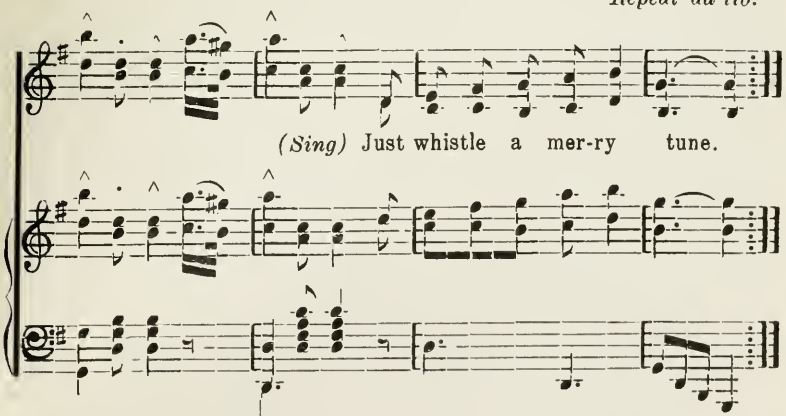
The third system of musical notation concludes the piece, featuring the same musical elements as the previous systems.



fin - ger tips And whistle a mer - ry tune. *Whistle.*  
pock - et knife And whis - ling a mer - ry tune.  
wend your way, By whistling a mer - ry sune.



*Repeat ad lib.*



*(Sing)* Just whistle a mer - ry tune.

# EDITORS' TABLE



## Why Apostate Christianity is Disappointing

We hear much about the ineffectuality of the so-called Christian churches in meeting the war conditions. It has even been stated that in the trenches there is more religion of a more tolerable kind than is found in the pulpits of the Christian churches. The ministers of the Christian churches are charged with expressing "childish explosions of public hate;" whereas, from the trenches come frequently poetic contributions from the leading families of the nations which contain beautiful sentiments and at the same time express neither hate nor boast of conquest.

One English writer says that it is noticeable that in the poems, of which thousands have been written from the seat of war, there are certain features which are typical of the "English University spirit. The poems are markedly individual, and they are entirely free from hate and execration. There is no reviling of the enemy." He says further that: "Our young soldiers look to poetry as a deliverance from the grim necessity of the hour rather than as a means of expressing martial emotion. They do not gush concerning patriotism, but they feel it none the less."

Another criticism offered against the pulpit is that it dare not raise its voice against political evils and that the churches "dare not speak the truth which they profess." When we consider the conditions that surround the churches of the world, it is not strange that this should be the case. They are entirely dependent upon the civil authority of the nations. In fact, kings, emperors, and kaisers, stand at the head of the church and have complete control of thought and act of those who are supposed to be ministers of Christ. How shall we look for vitality in the organizations of the Christian churches until they shall first be separated and delivered from the civil power which completely dominates both the pulpit and those who occupy it, until they are unable to say that their thoughts or their souls are their own! In the second place, they have received and possess no divine authority to preach and officiate in the ordinances of the gospel. The ministers preach for hire, and the hire is offered and paid by those who control them. They have no divine authority because they will not recognize it, but are subject to their material masters. No wonder that through the present fearful cataclysm of war the Christian churches of Eu-

rope have spoken with contradictory voices, uttering a bewildering flood of dullness with a sense of self complacency of so little value that it is completely powerless, even when contrasted with the spiritual expressions of thoughtful men at the battle front.

No wonder that a writer in the *English Review*, London, July, 1917, says: "The war has rent the veil of the temple in twain and reveals nothing of the least consequence behind it. That could not be otherwise while the temple remained a side chapel to Parliament and its ministers lay under the dominion of those who neither respected their achievements nor acknowledged their supernatural authority." We cannot count as faulty the doctrines of Christ. It is the ministerial interpretation that has gone wrong. It is an apostate Christianity.

The great lesson arising from this condition is that the Church must be made free; and furthermore, it must be one in all the nations of the earth, and its authority must come from the King of kings, the Christ, through revelation, recognized and believed by the people, and not from the kings, kaisers, czars and rulers of the nations of the earth, whose power is man-made and not authorized from on high. But the fact is, there is no independence, no union, no head who can speak as one having authority, in the so-called Christian churches of the world.

As Latter-day Saints we testify that authority to establish the true Church of Christ, to act in the ordinances of the gospel, and to speak with authority in the name of the Lord was restored to the earth following the visitation of God the Father and his Son, Jésus Christ, to the Prophet Joseph Smith. We believe that authority was given to him, and has been transmitted to his successors. We believe that eventually his Church will grow to fill the whole earth with the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and imbue many peoples with the grandeur, nobility, vitality and power of his mission of peace and love and good will to mankind, which shall quell war and contention and establish the spirit of peace in the nations. We believe in continued direct revelation and inspiration of the Lord to the authorized leaders of the Church of Christ on earth that this glorious achievement may be accomplished.

For nearly ninety years the restored gospel has been preached to the people of the world. Its delegates, clothed with authority, have delivered this great message to the nations wherever there has been freedom enough to admit them. They have labored by the thousands without material remuneration, not counting the sacrifice, but willing to devote their time and talent without price in this glorious service of the Master.

The fearful and weighty responsibility rests upon the Latter-day Saints to continue this mighty work which has been en-

trusted to them from the Lord. We must proclaim it with even greater sacrifice and more vigor and power than it has ever been proclaimed before. Even the thousands of our boys who are now called to the colors must not forget that their cause is a righteous one, their responsibility is a weighty and earnest one, and that their lives and acts must correspond with the importance and nature of their mission. It is a battle for greater freedom for the masses, and for the opening of the way for the proclamation of the Gospel of the Prince of Peace to all the nations. Many of them may later be called as missionaries. They must therefore now go with the spirit of the missionary in their hearts, having no hatred in their souls, but manfully, freely, without hatred but in love, abiding in the truth which they profess and living and acting, and dying if need be, as invincible, undefiled ministers of salvation. So shall they help to establish the Christian Church which shall not be disappointing and that shall meet all the conditions of life and which shall not fail in "speaking the truth which it professes."

*Joseph F. Smith.*

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## Books

A very new thing in the literary line is Dean Milton Bennion's little book, *Citizenship*. The purpose of the book, as the author says, "is to stimulate appreciation of ethical principles and the development of worthy social ideals, and to indicate how these ideals may find expression." The work is based on the broad and practical experience of the writer who has reason to know the needs and social deficiencies of young men and women. The text is divided into two parts: Part I deals with the nature of society and with innumerable social problems. Part II indicates in a most forcible and practical manner the obligations of the individual to the society which has produced him, but it goes farther and tells him how he may perform these obligations and at the same time receive development through the service. Although the book is designed as an introduction to Social Ethics and primarily as a text for Seniors in High School, or for Freshmen in College, since most adult citizens need now and again to have their attention called to social duties, the work is of value to all. Published by the World Book Company, Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York.

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## Messages from the Missions

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### Lady Missionaries Preach the Gospel

In a letter dated Birmingham, England, July 6, 1917, President James Laird and the elders of the Birmingham conference give these items and express their appreciation of the *Era*: "The *Era* is a very welcome visitor, and is enjoyed by the Saints and investigators who receive it from us. The number of elders from Zion is steadily decreasing, but the lady missionaries are vigorously prosecuting the work of preaching the gospel. We

feel that the people of this section are receiving their entitled warning. The majority of the local brethren have been called into the service of



their country, and therefore we experience considerable difficulty in keeping all of the branches thoroughly organized. However, much good is being accomplished, and we know that no power on earth can retard the work of the Lord. We feel truly thankful that we are able to assist in the glorious work of bringing to pass the immortality of the soul. 'It is not the work of God that is frustrated but the work of men.' Elders in the picture (left to right), back row: Leland Hair, Vernal; Arthur D. Evans, Ogden; and LeRoy S. Dickson, Morgan. Front row: James H. Ludlow, Salt Lake City; President James Laird, Idaho Falls; and Herbert P. Haight, Cedar City."

### Local South African Missionaries

President Nicholas G. Smith, of South Africa, writes, June 7: "This is a picture of Elder and Mrs. Burlando. They are local workers who are keeping right in the harness. The Saints where they are working love them very much. Strangers have also sent them invitations for dinner, and they are allaying much prejudice. I am very happy to note that among the missions of the world we are not doing as badly as we might be doing, down here. Our tithes per capita seem to have made a record which not one of the other missions has reached. It is not out of place to state that Brother and Sister Burlando are being assisted to some extent by the Seventies of the Church at home in the missionary labor which they are performing in South Africa with such general satisfaction."



## Seeing Divinity in "Mormonism."

Elder L. L. Palmer, New Albany, Indiana, of the Southern Indiana conference, writes, July 13: "In the southern part of Indiana we find the people not so prejudiced as they have been heretofore reported. They are beginning to see divinity in the cause which 'Mormonism' represents, and that it covers a vast field of truth which if accepted will be for the benefit and advantage of mankind. Particularly will it be for the benefit of mankind under the present war conditions which the religion of the past 1800 years has not been able to prevent, owing to its limitations, because of the selfishness of men. The gospel as revealed through Joseph Smith the Prophet is a solution to the present world-wide situation."



## Many Friends Found

Elder Thomas K. Gunnell, writing from DeLeon, Texas, says: "We are enjoying our work in this part of the mission field and we feel blest in our labors especially in that we are having many friends raised up unto us and to our cause. Many are investigating for the real truth, and we are doing all in our power to help them find it. The elders in the cut are: Clive Killpack, Ferron, Utah; standing, Elder Thomas K. Gunnell, Soda Springs, Idaho."

## A New Mission Field

Elder Leland J. Hansen, writing from Chauters Towers, Queensland, Australia, under date of March 12, says: "For several months past we have had the opportunity of laboring in North Queensland. We are the first elders to visit this section of Australia. We are now almost 900 miles from Brisbane which is the location of our conference headquarters. Although working among a people much given to pleasure, we have found some honest and sincere people who have become true friends. Our open air meetings held in the city park have been well attended. By this means as well as by tracting, we have been able to do much to present the gospel to the people. We are glad of the work that the *Era* is doing for us. We send the magazine around among our friends, and after new readers have read one copy, we find it always a welcome friend among them. It has been the link to unite us with the outside world, and we rejoice in hearing of the success in other mission fields. Elders, right to left, Leland J. Hansen, Jesse J. McQueen."



*Van F. McBride, of New Zealand, writes: "We always look forward to receiving the *Era*, and reading it is like meeting an old time friend."*

# PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS' TABLE

## Working with the Lesser Priesthood

The Presiding Bishopric has sent to the bishops of the Church and their counselors the following instructions vital to the progress of priesthood work throughout the Church:

No doubt you have been as much interested as we in the annual report of the Aaronic priesthood in your ward. This report will become a permanent Church record and is only the beginning of a movement which we hope will bring about a greater interest on the part of the bishopric and other ward officers, so that this important branch of the priesthood may increase in activity in the avenues where the membership can, and should be engaged.

The bishop of each ward should preside over the priests in harmony with the instructions of the Lord. He should sit with them in council and teach them their duties. This is so plainly expressed in the Doctrine and Covenants that we cannot see how any one can substitute the bishop as the president of the priests' quorum or class.

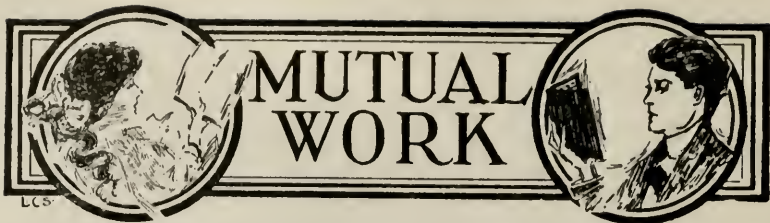
In many of the wards there are not enough priests to form a quorum, but where there is a majority of the required number, a quorum should be organized. Where there is not a majority, a class should be organized and the bishop should preside. Such excellent results have followed where the bishops have taken personal charge of the priests that we feel justified in urging you to give this method a trial at least. We hope you will have the same gratifying results that have followed in the instance of those bishops who preside over their priests.

In many of the wards of the Church one of the bishop's counselors personally supervises and directs the labors of the teachers, and the other counselor acts in the same capacity with the deacons. The bishopric see to it that the members of the Aaronic priesthood are actively engaged in the duties of their office and calling. Boys as a rule are good followers and are always glad and willing to follow an active, energetic leader, and with encouragement will readily take upon themselves responsibility and duties.

In the instance of the teachers and deacons, when organized in a quorum capacity, they should be presided over by their officers, who should at all times be in charge and direct the affairs of the quorum, subject to the kindly supervision and aid of the member of the bishopric.

The boys are the future officers of the stakes and wards, and in later years will bear the standard of the gospel to the nations of the earth. The foundation for their future success and efficiency is now being laid by you as the bishopric of the ward, and as the presidency of the Aaronic priesthood of the ward. Boys who have been taken in hand by their bishops, and who have been in classes under their supervision, are the most successful types of young men we have in the Church, and many instances have occurred where they have been transformed from wayward and indifferent young men to sincere, capable, active and useful members of the Church, because the bishopric of the ward took a fatherly and kindly interest in them when they held the Aaronic priesthood.

We hope you will not feel that we are trying to place upon you an added burden, but we realize that upon the faithful performance of your duties depends the future progress of the Church, and we are anxious that the young men of today shall be fully prepared for all the duties and responsibilities which will come to them hereafter,—hence are anxious that you shall render unto them all the service and assistance within your power, to accomplish this end. We trust that you will receive these suggestions with the same spirit in which they are made.



## The Ethics of the Doctrine and Covenants

For Advanced Senior Class, Joint Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

### *Lesson One—Introduction*

#### ETHICS AND RELIGION

"The Doctrine and Covenants is the greatest system of ethics that was ever given to the human family."—*President George Q. Cannon.*

This thesis is to be maintained from three points of view:

*First.* That divinely-revealed ethics is of a more perfect type than any that can be produced by the finite mind.

*Second.* That the Doctrine and Covenants is a system of revealed ethics for society and to society in a higher state of development and experience than at any previous period in the history of the race.

*Third.* That the doctrines of good and evil, right and wrong, contained in this book are producing, and will continue to produce, the nearest approach to the highest form of human happiness.

Ethics deals with duty. It is the science of the rules of right and wrong.

One eminent author on ethics says: "Sound ethics must be based on sound metaphysics. Sound ethics, therefore, must start by recognizing especially:

"(1) The existence of one God, omnipotent, creator, infinitely wise and just;

"(2) The finite nature of man, composed of animal body and rational soul, which form one person;

"(3) The veracity of the faculties;

"(4) The immortality of the human soul;

"(5) The liberty of the human will."

From the point of view that religion deals with duty, with good and evil, with right and wrong, religion is ethics.

From the point of view that all good is harmony with God and that all duty is approved by him, ethics is religion. The line of difference between ethics and religion, however, is the difference between man's duty to his fellow man, and man's duty to his God.

The person who sacrifices his fellow being to his God regardless of the effects of that sacrifice on the one sacrificed, is religious, but not ethical. If, however, in the mind of the sacrificer there was a belief that the sacrifice would benefit the being sacrificed, he is both religious and ethical from his point of view. He has done his conscientious duty to God and his fellow man.

Of course, if this individual's standards of good and evil, of right and wrong, are low, his spirituality or religion may be fanaticism, and his ethics a manifestation of lamentable ignorance or misinformation. Hence the necessity of accurate and elevated standards in both religion and ethics.

Jephthah's vow is a good illustration of religion minus ethics. Abra-

ham's offering up his son Isaac is an illustration of the spiritual-ethical type.

The Hebrew prince said to the Egyptian tempter: "Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hands; there is none greater in this house than I. Neither hath he kept back anything from me, but thee, because thou art his wife; how then can I do this great wickedness" (that is, be untrue to his master) "and sin against God" (that is, be untrue to his religion).

Here is ethics and religion reinforced and held firm by each other. Had Joseph stopped with the thought of duty to his master, his defense would have been purely ethical. Had he omitted deference to his master, and referred only to duty to his God, his defense would have been purely religious.

The following poem has in it the very essence of pure ethics:

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)  
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,  
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,  
Making it white, like a lily in bloom,  
An angel, writing in a book of gold.  
Exceeding peace made Ben Adhem bold,  
And to the presence in the room,  
He said: "What writest thou?"  
The vision raised its head and with a look made all of sweet accord,  
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."  
"And is mine one?" said Abou.  
"Nay, not so," replied the angel;  
Abou spoke more low, but cheerily still, and said:  
"I pray thee, then, write me as one who loves his fellow men."  
The angel wrote and vanished.  
The next night he came again, with a great awakening light,  
And showed the names of those whom love of God had blessed;  
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

"The Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" illustrates the man climbing through the ethical to the spiritual.

In the story of "Abram and Zimri," one is religious and ethical, the other is purely ethical. (See Y. M. M. I. A. Manual, 1915-16, page 54.)

Our task in this course will be to discover wherein the Doctrine and Covenants furnishes rules of conduct of the highest type.

#### Problems:

1. What is ethics?
2. What is religion?
3. Wherein is religion ethics, and wherein is ethics religion?
4. What is the line of demarcation between religion and ethics?
5. When is an act both ethical and religious? Illustrate.
6. Explain and illustrate a purely religious act.
7. How did the angel of the Lord make the slaying of Laban ethical to Nephi?

8. Wherein was Joseph's defense of his honor purely ethical, wherein was it purely spiritual?

9. In the light of the following conditions, was the offering of Isaac purely religious, or ethical and religious?

God taught Abraham the doctrine of the atonement wherein the Father gave, for a sacrifice, his Son, and the Son willingly accepted the sacrificial mission.

Abraham's greatest desire was to become like God.

Through Abraham, Isaac knew of the mission of Christ, his heroism, and his loyalty to his Father; the Christ to come was Isaac's highest ideal,

and an opportunity to be like the Son would be courageously grasped by Isaac. Abraham was an aged man, stricken in years; Isaac was a buoyant youth, fleet and strong. They two alone climbed the mountain. Isaac was voluntarily bound to the altar.

10. Wherein was Abou Ben Adhem a purely ethical character?

11. Which character in the story of Abram and Zimri was purely ethical, and why was the other one ethical and religious?

12. Which part of "The Poor Wayfaring Man of Grief" is ethical and which part religious?

13. What are we to search out from the Doctrine and Covenants in this course of lessons?

### *Lesson Two*

## ETHICS AND RELIGION (Continued)

### *The Inadequacy of Ethics*

The circle of a perfect life is made up of four arcs, the omission or the elimination of either of which would be to life what the absence of a section of a chariot wheel would be, making the fall of the driver and the losing of the race certain.

Every soul possesses four potentialities or innate powers, the physical, intellectual, ethical, and spiritual. These potentialities are dependent upon two things; first, an opportunity to act; second, the embracing of the opportunity to act by responding to the external stimuli.

Without light, air, and food there would be no physical growth. Without objects of study the capacity to know would remain forever inert. The highest form of stimuli for intellectual advancement is an educational institution or system. Without society, with its social needs, the innate power to be humanly good or evil, and to know human right and wrong would be without the opportunity of development. This potentiality responds to ethics.

Without God, the spiritual potentiality, as an innate power in man, would forever remain as if it were not. The only form of stimulus to which this spiritual potentiality or innate power can respond and grow is religion, culminating in the institution called the Church.

The human race has preserved these four potentialities and in one form or another developed each and everyone of them. To be a normal individual means to preserve and develop in one's self those innate powers that have been preserved and developed in the race.

Ethics convinces; religion convinces and converts. Ethics illuminates; religion illuminates and warms. Ethics seeks a way for salvation; religion makes the path. True ethics is religion in part; true religion is all of ethics and more.

In obedience to the first law or commandment we grow to love our fellow men through love of God, the great exemplar of love; in obedience to the second great law we prepare for love of God, through love of our fellow men. These two laws are complements of each other. The first of these laws is the subject, the second the complement; these two form the sentence of salvation.

There is a class of thinkers who say all religions which tend to make society better, are good and desirable. To such persons religions are social or ethical systems. Thinkers of this class acknowledge religions as forms of Godliness, but deny any power of Godliness. They seem not to recognize the fact that it is the God idea that makes religion possible, and gives the form from which it derives its creative and sustaining power.

Ethics is inadequate to the highest happiness of man, whether it is the product of social evolution, or even a revelation from God, without the superhuman in it, accepted as good, but its divine source denied.

## Problems:

1. Why is an irreligious man not a normal individual?
2. Discuss the proposition: Possibility consists of potentiality plus opportunity.
3. Illustrate the truth, that without something beside the self there is no growth.
4. What are the four principal innate potentialities of a normal individual?
5. Why can there be no development of a moral capacity without society?
6. Why is it impossible for the spiritual capacity to develop without a God?
7. Explain and illustrate the difference between being convinced and converted.
8. Why did Jesus, the greatest authority on ethics and religion, give as the first great law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God," and as the second great law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."
9. What sustaining power does religion possess that ethics does not?
10. Show by illustration the truth of the following, "Religion lights the lamp of hope and beckons us onward when the torch of logic is smoking in the pit of despair."

(Other lessons will follow in succeeding numbers of the *Era*.)

## Outlines for the Sub-Junior Class Y. M. M. I. A. Designed for Teachers

### Introduction

There being no designated text book to be placed in the hands of the sub-junior boys, it will be necessary for the teacher to have a copy of the book, *Men Who Made Good*, and to study carefully the chapters designated as lessons in these outlines. He should read the Foreword to the book, and note what the author says, that "the lives of many men of comparatively little note are full of what is helpful and stimulating." It should be the aim of the teacher to select what is helpful and stimulating from these life stories, then to present and apply it to the boys under his tuition.

As the text itself is not always suited to the capacity of the sub-junior boy, it should be used sparingly in the class recitation. The teacher's knowledge obtained from the text might well be enlarged and enriched by a further reading about the characters under consideration from some biographical work or encyclopedia.

As there are twenty-six chapters in the teachers' text, and only sixteen lessons planned, it follows that ten are omitted in the treatment. If the teacher finds that he can use some of those not here selected to better advantage, he should do so. These outlines are suggestive only. The teacher, on his own initiative, should plan much that is not here given.

### Lesson One

Text: Chapter I, in *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "From Peasant Home to King's Palace"—Ole Bull, the violinist.

Notes, Suggestions, and Problems: Ole Bull was born at Bergen, Norway, in 1810. As a setting to his musical development, describe the wild scenery of the Norwegian coast. He was a "born musician." What does that mean? Explain the principle of pre-existence. What, however, must be done with talents brought with one into the world?

At the height of his success, Ole Bull was called to play before kings. Did that make him vain? Though he attained to the company of the high-

est, he also freely associated with the lowliest. He made a lot of money, but he gave much to the poor, and he spent it in useful ways.

Tell the incidents of the interview with the king of Sweden, and with Ingebret Soot. Repeat Ole Bull's reply to his critics.

In what way should you use the talents the Lord has given you? Discuss.

### Lesson Two

Text: Chapter II, *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "A Man Who Was True to His Ideals"—Farncois Millet, the Painter.

Notes, Suggestions and Problems: Why is France a country of great interest to us now? Paris is a city of art and artists. Millet was born and reared in France.

What is an ideal? By skilful questioning, bring out what ideals the boys have. Millet had an ideal. What was it? He wanted to paint the simple scenes of country life with which he was familiar. What influences diverted him for a time from his ideal? How did he return to it? What efforts should one make to stick to one's ideals?

Discuss: Bring to the class some samples of Millet's paintings, such as "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners," and point out their beauties.

### Lesson Three

Text: Chapter III, *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "How Perseverance Won"—Bernard Palissy, the Potter.

Notes, Suggestions and Problems: This is one of the most marvelous stories of perseverance, and it gives to a teacher a splendid opportunity to tell a good story. Beginning with the early life of Palissy and his search for the secret of the white enamel, tell how he worked and sacrificed, developing the story to the climax when he fed the oven with fences, flooring, and even furniture, until success came!

Boys who give up easily seldom attain to anything worth while.

Were the sacrifices which Palissy made worth while. Discuss.

### Lesson Four

Text: Chapter V, in *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "From Prison to Abbey"—Charles Dickens, the Novelist.

Notes, Suggestions and Problems: The boyhood of Charles Dickens was full of hardships: lack of schooling; long, hard working hours; associating with all sorts of people in the big city of London; his father in prison for debt; and yet he emerged from this school of hard knocks with a tender heart and with great sympathy for the poor and down-trodden and unfortunate.

To what use did Dickens, the writer, put his boyhood experiences?

How is it possible to turn seeming misfortune to good, even in our day? Give concrete illustrations.

Talk to the boys on some of the books and characters of Dickens, and encourage them to read some of his best stories.

### Lesson Five

Text: "Chapter VI, in *Men Who Made Good*."

Subject: "The Apostle of Freedom"—William Lloyd Garrison.

Notes, Suggestions, and Problems: Describe the conditions of our country under the system of slavery. Most of the boys will have read *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. In the beginning of the agitation against slavery, it was not popular and sometimes unsafe to be against slavery.

What was Garrison's vow?

How did he carry it out?

How did Garrison show that he was sincere in his convictions?

Read to the class the closing paragraph in this chapter, discuss, and make present-day application of the principles therein expressed.

### Lesson Six

Text: Chapter IX, in *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "From Errand Boy to Publisher"—William Chambers.

Notes, Comments, Problems: William Chambers lived one hundred years ago in Scotland. He was poor and he had an ardent longing for books. This was before the days of free schools and free libraries. How could such a boy get an education and gratify his desire for reading?

He became errand boy in a book shop. Not being permitted to read in the shop, he took books home, and read mornings. (Why not evenings?)

Then he began in a very small way to sell books for himself. To add to his profits, he bound his own books, then he purchased a small second-hand press and printed some. This led to his writing what he printed, bound, and sold. Gradually he became a large publisher, his ambition being to publish and to sell books so cheaply that the poor could have access to them. This he accomplished.

Tell the story of his reading to the bakers.

Why should a boy be willing to sacrifice some of his time usually devoted to play or sleep, if necessary, to read? Discuss.

### Lesson Seven

Text: Chapter X, in *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "Working His Way to the Editor's Chair"—Horace Greeley.

Notes, Comments and Problems: Some boys like to do manual work, but do not like to study; some boys like to read, but do not like to work with their hands; some boys like to work—for themselves exclusively. Apply each of these traits to Horace Greeley. They will explain largely the secret of his success.

Horace was not so particular about his personal appearance, but he was particular about how he spent his time and his money. Discuss.

What did Horace Greeley say about debt?

### Lesson Eight

Text: Chapter XII, in *Men Who Made Good*.

Subject: "The Man Who Made India Rubber Valuable"—Charles Goodyear.

Notes, Suggestions and Problems: What would we do without rubber! Think of its many uses, from the small band about a package of letters to the automobile tire.

Describe the rubber gum in its native or raw state, and why it was of little value. The process of making rubber an article of great commercial and economic value is the story of Charles Goodyear.

Tell the story.

Comment on Goodyear's saying that he was God's missionary, even as they are missionaries who go to preach the gospel.

Problem for discussion: Goodyear's refusal of the Paris firm's offer.

(The remaining lessons will appear in the October *Era*.)

## Suggestive Preliminary Programs

Thomas A. Edison

Three five-minute talks. (Reading Course, *Thomas A. Edison*.)

a. The Boyhood of Edison.

b. Edison and the Incandescent Light.

c. Edison and the Phonograph.

Selection from the Phonograph.

#### *Handel*

Talk, "The Inspiration and Beauty of Handel's Life."

Explanation of the Oratorio, *Messiah*.

Violin Solo, "Largo."

#### *Heber C. Kimball*

Talk, "Anecdotes from the Life of Heber C. Kimball."

Sketch, "The First English Mission."

Duet, "The Morning Breaks, the Shadows Flee."

Quartet, "Ye Elders of Israel."

#### *Town or Ward History*

Talk, "First Settlers."

Talk, "Prominent Characters" (Bishops, Pioneers, School Teachers, Musicians, etc.)

Music, "Auld Lang Syne," "Hard Times, Come Again No More."

#### *The Red Cross*

Talk, "Sarah Barton, and Her Connection with the American Red Cross."

Sketch, "Florence Nightingale" (Reading Course, *Florence Nightingale*.)

Hymn, "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

#### *Patriotic Music*

Talk, "Patriotism Expressed in Music."

Instrumental Group, "Stars and Stripes Forever," by Sousa.

Cornet Solo, introducing Bugle Calls.

Patriotic Selections, Vocal Groups.

#### *National Loyalty*

Talk, "When Our Country Calls."

Mixed Double Quartet, "Loyal to the Truth and the Right," by Stephens.

Junior Boys' Chorus, "The Truth, Boys, the Truth," Stephens, *Improvement Era*, January, 1917.

#### *Achievement in the Face of Difficulty*

Story, "Ole Bull." (Reading Course, *Men Who Made Good*.)

Story, "Palissy the Potter." (Reading Course, *Men Who Made Good*.)

#### *The First Christian Church in America.*

Talk, "Alma the Elder."

Talk, "The Forest, Land, and Waters of Mormon."

Sentiment, "Four Fundamental Requirements of Members of the First Mormon Church in America:

"We are willing to bear one another's burdens, that they may be light; to mourn with those who mourn; to comfort those who stand in need of comfort, and to stand as witnesses of God at all times, in all things, and in all places, even until death."

Reference, Book of Mormon, Mosiah 17, 18.

Hymns 198, 199, *L. D. S. Hymns*.

#### *Trees*

Talk, "The Influence of Trees."

Talk, "Historic Trees;" or, "Famous Forests."

Declamation, "Forest Hymn," by Bryant; or, "Woodman, Spare that Tree," by George P. Morris.

Hymn, "There is Beauty in the Forest."

*Birds.*

Talk, "Our Feathered Songsters."

Story, "The Birds of Killingworth," from *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, by Longfellow.

Mixed Double Quartet, "The Whippoorwill's Song."

Solo, "The Swallows."

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### Suggestive List of Debates

#### *Resolved:*

1. That labor-saving machinery is a benefit to the working class.
2. That public libraries be closed on Sundays.
3. That the wages of men and women should be the same for the same work performed.
4. That no prizes should be offered in public schools.
5. That the state of ——— is better adapted to agriculture than to manufacturing.
6. That woman suffrage should be adopted in all the states of the Union.
7. That the study of the Bible should be made a part of the curriculum in all taxable high schools of the state.
8. That will power is more essential to success than opportunity.
9. That there is more happiness in pursuit than in possession.
10. That more knowledge can be obtained by reading than by traveling.
11. That education increases happiness.
12. That the commission form of municipal government is preferable to government by political parties.
13. That barbarous tribes are benefitted by contact with civilized men.
14. That the president of the United States should be elected directly by the people for a term of six years and should not be eligible for a second term.
15. That a two years' mission is of more value to a high school graduate than a two years' college course.
16. That the tractor is of more benefit to man than the horse.
17. That the platform is more powerful than the press.
18. That heredity is stronger than environment.
19. That the ownership of railways should be vested in the Government.
20. That an educational standard is a necessary qualification for suffrage.
21. That all first class cities should maintain free hospitals.

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### Awards for Scoring

It is intended this season that the awards given to associations for credits made in the activities shall be simple and inexpensive; that they shall serve merely to check on standards reached. The colors, red, white, and blue, are selected as fitting for this purpose. These awards are to be provided and designed by the stake boards.

#### *Suggestions:*

1. Large letters—M I A—cut from felt or heavy cloth—a red M, a white I, a blue A.
2. Small triangular pennants, red, white, and blue, the number of each color to be determined by the number of wards reaching the different standards.
3. Small rectangular or oblong pennants; some of plain red; some of the two colors, red and white; some of the three colors, red, white, and blue; the number of each kind to be determined by the number of wards reaching the different standards. Letters M. I. A. in neutral tints, might be placed upon the pennants.

These awards may be cut and made by members of the association, if desired.

### The Public Library and the Reading Course

With commendable forethought, Miss Sprague, the Librarian of the Salt Lake City Public Library, has placed ten complete sets of the Mutual Improvement Association Reading Course for 1917-18, in the Salt Lake City Public Library, besides one set each for the two branch libraries in Salt Lake City. One of the ten sets in the main library will always be kept on hand for reference work. This will leave the other copies for circulating purposes. The library has also put in stock six copies of Moulton's *Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible* for distribution purposes. One copy of this book will be kept on hand for reference work only. This action of the public library will enable the Mutual Improvement members of the city wards to obtain free access to the reading course books in the library. Workers who are not in a position to purchase the books for their own use may thus have the privilege of obtaining them free. In behalf of the Mutual Improvement organization, the *Era* expresses to Miss Sprague, the Librarian, and to the directors of the Salt Lake City Public Library the thanks of our membership for placing this number of books on the library shelves, and making them available for the Mutual Improvement workers of the city wards of Salt Lake City. We trust that other public libraries in the State of Utah, as well as in other surrounding states in which our organizations are established, may follow the example set in Salt Lake City. We shall be pleased to make mention of it, if the librarians will let us know in regard to the installation of the books.

### The Y. M. M. I. A. in the Missions

The *Era* has received annual reports for 1916-17 from the Australian, Californian, Eastern States, Hawaiian, Japanese, Northwestern States, Scandinavian, Southern States, Swedish and the Western States missions.

In the Australian mission there are 174 permanent members enrolled, most of whom are seniors. The average attendance is 113, and 320 regular weekly meetings have been held in the seven branches of the mission.

The California mission has 213 members, 81 seniors and 33 juniors, with an average attendance of 85, and 139 meetings held in the five branches of the mission.

The Eastern States mission has 133 enrolled, 112 seniors, 17 juniors, an average attendance of 111 and 192 meetings held in the nine branches of the mission.

The Hawaiian mission has 882 members enrolled, 438 senior and 418 junior. They have an average attendance of 603 and have held 561 meetings.

The Japan mission has 23 members enrolled in Tokio, and have held 36 meetings with an average attendance of 23.

The Northwestern States mission has 118 members enrolled in six branches, with an average attendance of 80, and 132 meetings held.

The Scandinavian mission has 378 enrolled in nine branches with an average attendance of 175 and 305 weekly meetings held.

The Southern States mission has 94 enrolled in eight branches, and have held 192 weekly meetings, with an average attendance of 65.

The Swedish mission has 211 enrolled in five branches, and has held 202 weekly meetings with an average attendance of 140.

The Western States mission has 22 enrolled in Denver with an average attendance of 21, and have held 21 weekly meetings.

In four branches reported the meetings are held jointly with the Y. L. M. I. A.

In the above missions, \$1,249.06 were collected and \$827.73 were disbursed for association purposes

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### Instructions on Social Work and Dress

Several months ago the general boards of all the auxiliary organizations of the Church were requested by the First Presidency to give consideration to the matter of improvement in the dancing and dress of our young people. A committee representing all of the general boards, after spending a long period of time in study and investigation of the subjects, has rendered its report and recommendation to the First Presidency. This report has been approved by the First Presidency and all of the general boards, in joint meeting recently assembled, and has been distributed in the form of a small pocket pamphlet convenient for use and preservation. In addition to the pamphlet, which concerns chiefly dancing, there has been prepared by the joint committee a communication on the subject of dress, particularly for the benefit of women officers and teachers of the Church. Copies of the pamphlet have been sent to stake superintendents for delivery by them to every member of their stake boards. It is intended that every officer and teacher shall receive the pamphlet on dancing and every woman officer and teacher a copy of the letter on dress as well. This distribution is being made by the ward priesthood authorities.

The General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A. heartily endorses the recommendations contained in the report, and feel that the Y. M. M. I. A. organizations should bend every effort to be of service in this great movement for reform among our young people. Our stake and ward officers should set a good example along the lines indicated, and should give encouragement to the work wherever they go. Caution should be observed not to give offense in urging the adoption of the suggestions. We should attempt to convert and persuade our young people to the propriety of the recommendations. A complete copy of the pamphlet and the communication on dress appears in the *Improvement Era* for April and in the new edition of the *Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book*, now ready for distribution.

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### Organization

In March a letter was sent to stake presidents urging them to assist the officers of the Y. M. M. I. A. in obtaining thorough organization of their associations so that the officers could go on with the work for the summer and be prepared to take hold of their labors after the fall conventions. A copy of this letter was sent to the stake superintendents of Y. M. M. I. A. also, for their information. What has been the result? Is each association in your stake thoroughly organized with officers who have taken part in the summer's work, and who will be on hand at the opening of the season, after the fall conventions, to take charge of the associations and the activities thereof in good time?

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Kelsh Wheeler who won the first prize in the Y. M. M. I. A. industrial contest, for 1916, has written as follows to President Heber J. Grant in acknowledgment of the check which was sent him for the prize:

"I have received your letter and check for \$25. I wish to thank you for it. The contest did me a great deal of good, not only in winning the prize offered but taught me to keep a record of every day's income and expenditure. It was an eye opener to me. I wish to tell you my motto for

everything I do, and this contest has proved that it holds true. It is 'Stick to everything you do; Don't be a quitter.'

"I thank you again for what your association has done for me. Wishing you success, and hoping that you will continue your industrial contest with boys, so that others may receive the good I have,

"I remain your brother,  
"Kelsh Wheeler."

In answer to the question, "What was the principal reason that you accepted this particular work, the following characteristic answers were given by those who received prizes for 1916, as noted in the April *Era*.

1. Because it offered the best opportunity for learning road and bridge construction from a practical basis.

2. To earn money to get an education and help sister on a mission.

3. Because I wished to help my father and develop a strong, healthy body. (Farming.)

4. I thought I would like to work, and that it (peddling) would be more steady than some other job.

5. I expect to be a farmer and wanted the training.

6. Father has a farm, and Mr. W. S. Burton encouraged me to work for the boys' contest.

7. Because I could not get any other, and thought this work better than doing nothing. (Water boy, at the Utah Light and Traction Co.)

8. Because farming is work that brings in the most money for a boy of my age.

9. Father needed help in the postoffice and on the farm, and I had to earn my way to high school.

10. My father needed my help on the farm, and I needed the money to help me through school.

---

## Class Work

### Scoring a Y. M. M. I. A. Class Exercise

As a suggestion on how to score class exercises, the following from a district committee appointed at Provo will prove interesting to officers, a number of whom have written requesting some ideas on the subject. Many officers recognize the necessity of checking up the class exercises more carefully than heretofore. We believe that a system of scoring the class exercises would be very helpful, not only to the teachers but to the students also. It would prove an impetus for better class work and create more interest:

1. When the class leader attends the monthly stake and ward officers' meeting, score 10.

2. When the class leader has studied the lesson before attempting to teach it, score 10.

3. When the class attendance is three-fourths or more of the class enrollment, score 10.

4. When one-third of the class members present have either asked a question, answered a question, or taken part in discussing lesson problems, score 10.

5. When at the close of a class exercise three-fourths of the class members will vote that the subject discussed is of real earth-life value here and now, score 10. Those who vote should be able to tell why.

Any class that would score perfect as above in three out of four lessons might score efficient.

# PASSING EVENTS

*The diet of Finland*, on July 19, declared a complete independence of that Grand Duchy from Russia.

*The German casualties* for July were 89,863, including killed 21,389 besides prisoners and wounded. The total since the beginning of the war exceeds 4,500,000.

*A peace offer* to the belligerent nations was promulgated by Pope Benedict from the Vatican Aug. 15. It is of German origin through Austria, and London papers consider its proposals impossible.

*Whiskey and distilled spirits* for beverages will not be manufactured in the United States after 11 o'clock on the night of September 8, the food control law passed September 10 so providing.

*The Entente Allies* continued during August to make great gains in driving the Germans back on the Western front; and the Russians gave some hope of more strength in Galicia and the east, though the Germans gained much ground there.

*Prohibition in Utah* went into effect on August 1, 1917. In Salt Lake City, during the month, the officers discovered and confiscated more than \$10,000 worth of liquor that had been cached in and about the city. Premises occupied by saloons were virtually all rented before the middle of the month, for other purposes.

*Frank Little*, an I. W. W. leader, was taken from his boarding house at Butte, Montana, on the night of August, 1917, and hung to a railroad trestle by masked men. So far no clew has been obtained to the lynchers. It was stated that I. W. W.s from all parts of the west had centered in Salt Lake City to the number of 1,300, and that many had come from Butte after the lynching.

*German air raiders killed 23 persons*, including nine women and six children, and injured 50 persons at Southend, in Essex, forty miles east of London. This air raid would have been much more serious if it had not been for the preparedness of the British defense. Before the Germans arrived the British machines were in waiting, and their excellent fire nullified the offensive operations of the invaders to a great extent. Four tons of bombs were dropped on Venice Aug. 16.

*King Alexander of Greece* took the oath of office on August 4, 1917, amidst great pomp and ceremony, in the city of Athens. The king rode in a carriage drawn by four horses and preceded by a troop of soldiers to the hall of the chamber of deputies, the streets being lined with cheering citizens. The oath was taken upon a Bible handed him by the officiating bishop of the Greek church, and when this ceremony was concluded the people shouted: "Long live Alexander," "Long live the constitution," "Long live Venizelos." The king then read the speech from the throne on the future attitude of Greece towards the belligerent powers.

*John A. Helstrom*, born in Sweden, on the 22nd of March, 1853, died at his home in Salt Lake City, July 23, 1917. John Helstrom worked as a bookkeeper in the Z. C. M. I. for the past ten or fifteen years. He came to Utah about fifty-five years ago, and in 1890-1-2 visited his native land and

Scandinavia on a mission, spending the most of the time in the office at Copenhagen as translator and writer, under the direction of Edward H. Anderson, then president of the mission. He was a faithful, painstaking man, true to the Church and the work of the Lord. He was married, and six children and his wife mourn his passing to a better world.

*The Sunday School Red Cross Fund* of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, according to an official report published in the *Juvenile Instructor* for August, amounted to \$9,565.36. Sunday, July 1, was designated as the day upon which all Sunday School officers, teachers, and members might have the privilege of contributing to the worthy cause of the Red Cross. The result was the handsome amount named. The largest amount, \$387.79, came from Granite stake, which has a Sunday School population of 5,337, but Woodruff stake with a school population of 2,002 contributed \$357.50. Sixty-nine stakes out of seventy-three forwarded contributions.

*China became a monarchy* on the 1st of July and a few days later again became a republic. A governor of one of the northern provinces surprised Peking by seizing the palace of the president and declaring himself dictator and announcing that Hsuan Tung, the boy emperor, was restored to the imperial throne. President Li Yuan-Hung refused to resign his office, and took refuge in the Japanese embassy. Two or three days later the republican army surrounded Peking and assisted by the vessels of the Chinese navy, which remained loyal to the republic, overthrew the monarchy and re-established the president of the republic. On August 14 China declared war on Germany and Austro-Hungary, the 17th nation against the Central Powers.

*A "Flame-throwing" Attack.*—The latest diabolical warfare to be introduced was originated by the Germans. It is called the *flammenwerfer*, or flame-thrower, and instead of spreading gas it actually throws flames. This remarkable photograph shows the French troops making a rushing attack



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*The Flame-thrower*

with the flame-throwers. The air is filled with smoke and flames, which is deadly to the foe. The weapon was first brought out by the Germans. The Allies perfected the machine, and used it on the enemy with great success. The Germans did not like their own medicine. The latest destroyer of life looks somewhat like a fire-extinguisher, while an extension that is held in the hands throws the flames.

*Premier Lloyd George and His Daughter's Wedding Group.*—Miss Olwen E. Lloyd George, was wed to Captain Carey Evans of the British Army at a simple ceremony which took place at the Welsh Baptist Chapel, London. The premier, Mrs. Lloyd George and many prominent personages were present. Owing to the war there was no bridal procession or elaborate display. Nevertheless, a great crowd gathered about the chapel and gave hearty greeting to bride and groom. Miss Lloyd George was showered with bo-



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quets by many girls and ladies. The photograph was taken after the wedding and shows bride, bridegroom, the prime minister, and Mrs. Lloyd George and others in the party. They are, kneeling, Miss Gwendy Armstrong Jones, and Miss Megan Lloyd George, flower-girls. Premier Lloyd George is seated second from the left, and Mrs. Lloyd George, second from right; Captain and Mrs. Carey Evans, the bride and groom, are shown standing in center of the group. To the right is Major Richard Lloyd George, eldest son of the premier.

*The National Guard of Utah*, consisting of about 1500 men, went out of state control on Sunday, August 5, and were mustered into the service of the United States, becoming a part of the regular army. The units of the Guard reported at 10 o'clock, at Logan, Ogden, Salt Lake and Provo, and in a short time were transferred to the regular service. The unit that gathered in Salt Lake City met in the Orpheum theatre for chapel services. Col.

R. W. Young, regimental commander, complimented the men on their prompt appearance at the armory and introduced Chaplain B. H. Roberts, who made a strong appeal to the young men to guard their morals and abstain from intemperance and unchastity. He added: "These are the two great evils which hasten the decline of nations. If you stand true and square in regard to them you will establish a reputation of which Utah will be proud and of which the nation will take note. This is the day you have given proof of your love and devotion to your country. Make it also one of resolve to keep your thoughts and language always pure." On Tuesday, Aug. 14, the new soldier boys of the Beehive State concentrated at Fort Douglas, for further training, where they will remain until the command moves early in September to the cantonment at Linda Vista, Cal. In the meantime the drafting for the selective army continued, beginning Aug. 5.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood, N.Y.

"Tommy" and "Sammy" Guard International Bridge, Niagara Falls.—A British and an American soldier guarding the International Bridge at the boundary line between the United States and Canada. The bridge crosses at Niagara Falls. The two guards are always on duty guarding their side of the bridge to prevent any malevolent persons from committing acts of destruction and violence. The photo was taken recently. The picture gives an opportunity to note the difference between the British and American uniforms. It is said the American soldier objects to being called "Sammy."

*Crop conditions* in the Corn Belt States are the best in history, for the year 1917. The exceptionally fine corn weather, during the latter part of the spring months and the early summer has practically assured the entire Corn Belt of the most extraordinary and largest yield of corn as well as other small grain in the history of the district. The Union Stock

Yards Co., of Omaha, informs the *Era* that statistics show that the corn crop of Nebraska and neighboring states is fully 30 per cent greater than normal; and the practically assured record-breaking crop of corn will cause livestock feeders in Nebraska, Iowa, Northern Missouri, and other

nearly states to scramble for cattle and sheep to fill their lots this fall. The outlook is that there will not be anywhere near enough stock to fill the lots of the intending feeders. In connection with the marketing of range stock it is suggested that with the good grass prevailing practically in all localities in the range territory, there should be no necessity for marketing stock in great bunches as has been done in some former years, as uniformity in prices will best be maintained when marketing is distributed over the entire range season.

*The Quartermaster's Corps of the National Guard of Utah*, the first unit of the Utah organization to leave home and to be called into active service, left Utah on August 10 for the United States army concentration camp, at Petersburg, Va. Major H. M. H. Lund warned the soldiers against gambling, the use of liquor, and other evils which are so apt to tempt the soldier away from home. He concluded: "Utah wishes you God speed, and a safe return without a mark against the good name of the corps." When the Utah National Guard, in company with the guard of other states, passed out of state control on Sunday, August 5, 1917, into the service of the United States, the quartermaster's corps of the guard received orders from Washington to proceed at once to Petersburg, Va., for intensive training. The corps numbers nineteen men and has been in training twenty-one days a month for some time, and are therefore considered in very good shape for service.

*The Belgium Commission* to the United States, headed by Baron Ludvig Moncheur, visited Ogden and Salt Lake City in Utah on the 17th of July on their 12,000 mile tour of the United States. The commission was feted by civil and military authorities in Salt Lake City at a banquet at Hotel Utah, and witnessed a review at Fort Douglas. At Fort Douglas 7,000 spectators looked on and cheered while the visitors were escorted through the fort and witnessed the review of a regiment of American soldiers. They remained in Salt Lake City six hours. At the banquet in Hotel Utah, Baron Moncheur said, referring to the reclamation of their stricken kingdom, that the Belgian people will be sustained by the example and the ideals of the Pioneers of Utah, by whose achievements the barren wastes of this intermountain country were changed into the present state of flowering Utah. He said, concerning the Pioneers of this land:

"We wished to come here to renew our courage by the sight of the wonderful results which have been accomplished here through the brave work and the force of character of your early settlers—those brave men who blazed the trail of immigration into this country, then an arid desert, and who went, as it were, into voluntary exile for the sole object of preserving the principles of their belief and their religion. These men transformed the waste places into a garden, and formed this state of which the agricultural prosperity and the industrial activity are for us objects of wonder and emulation. The citizens of my beloved country will be inspired by this same courage, by this same ardor, in the reconstruction of Belgium, whose riches and whose resources have been almost annihilated by our enemies."

*The fourth year of the great war* opened with statements by the various nations as to their position, and considerable peace talk. The great war entered upon its fourth year with peace no more discernible to careful observers than when the first shots were fired. The war lord of Germany said that the thoughts of the German people were to "stand resolute in the determination to prosecute this righteous war of defense to a successful termination." He then told his soldiers, "We are invincible, we shall be victorious. The Lord God will be with us." German peace hints are now generally prefaced with assertions that the Teuton armies in Belgium and Roumania are fighting a defensive war. At first they fought for "a place in the sun."

Austria seems ready for an honorable peace, whatever that may mean. Russian desire for peace and Russian military weakness have played a large part in German peace proposals. Notwithstanding the great losses in Galicia during July, by the Russians, and the withdrawing of their armies, pursued by the Germans, a reassuring message comes from Russia in middle August, announcing that under the rule of the new regime, with Kerensky as supreme director, the army will continue with renewed courage the great work of restoration, as well as the preparation of war for the coming campaign.

Premier Ribot of France said, "Until the people with whom we are at war finally awaken and free themselves from the detestable regime that oppresses them nothing will stop the allies in their efforts that will bring back peace to the world by the triumph of their arms."

Lloyd George stated that he saw in the new German chancellor's speech (Michaelis) "a sham independence for Belgium, a sham democracy for Germany, a sham peace for Europe," and declared that "Europe has not sacrificed millions of her gallant sons to set up a sanctuary for sham." Mr. Balfour expressed the idea in Parliament that the peace of Europe could not be secured until Germany was "either powerless or free."

As to the aims of America in this war and the American determination to see it through, no clearer statement has been made than was expressed in the speech made by Secretary of State Lansing at Madison Barracks, New York, on July 29. From his speech the following is quoted:

"A great people, ruled in thought and word as well as in deed by the most sinister government in modern times, are straining every nerve to supplant democracy by the autocracy which they have been taught to worship. When will the German people awaken to the truth? When will they arise in their might and cast off the yoke and become their own masters? I fear that it will not be until the physical might of the united democracies of the world have destroyed forever the evil ambitions of the military rulers of Germany and liberty triumphs over its arch-enemy. \* \* \* This is no war to establish an abstract principle of right. It is a war in which the future of the United States is at stake. If any among you have the idea that we are fighting others' battles and not our own, the sooner he gets away from that idea the better it will be for him, the better it will be for all of us. Imagine Germany victor in Europe because the United States remained neutral. Who, then, think you, would be the next victim of those who are seeking to be masters of the whole earth? Would not this country with its enormous wealth arouse the cupidity of an impoverished, though triumphant, Germany? \* \* \* Do you think that they would withhold their hand from so rich a prize? Let me then ask you, would it be easier or wiser for this country single-handed to resist a German empire flushed with victory and with great armies and navies at its command than to unite with the brave enemies of that empire in ending now and for all time this menace to our future? Primarily, then, every man who crosses the ocean to fight on foreign soil against the armies of the German emperor goes forth to fight for his country and for the preservation of those things for which our forefathers were willing to die."

*Paris was raided* for the first time in a year and a half, on July 28, by German aircraft. Only two bombs were dropped, and they did little damage. Venice also received several tons of bombs one day in early August.

*The Food Control bill* was passed by the senate on July 21. It provides for a board of three to direct the distribution of the food supply of the United States, and also for a large congressional committee to advise the executive officials on war expenditures. On the same day the senate passed a bill appropriating \$640,000,000 for a great fleet, and the President signed it on July 23.

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*The Canvass for ERA* subscriptions and renewals for Vol. 21, beginning November 1, 1917, should be arranged for by Y. M. M. I. A. officers this month. A vigorous week of campaigning will bring the desired results. It should be over with before regular meetings begin, October 16.

*The third revised and enlarged edition of the Y. M. M. I. A. Hand Book* is now ready. Every M. I. A. officer, man or woman, should have a copy. It answers a thousand questions, and tells how to achieve success in your work. Only 25 cents postpaid; or a dozen for \$2.40 to one address, cash with order. Send to General Secretary, 22 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

*Efficiency blanks for Y. M. M. I. A. stakes and wards*, with rules for use, have been printed and every stake superintendent should see that his ward presidents are provided with them so that he may make prompt efficiency report for publication in the *Era* monthly beginning with the work for October which must be reported by November 10 to the General Secretary on stake blank.

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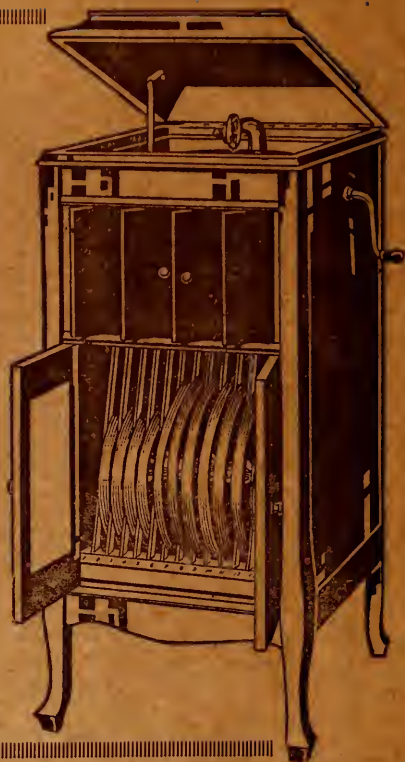
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